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SEEKING A LEADER.

Dark and deeper the shadows are falling;
O for a beacon to guide us aright!
Wildly the trumpets to battle are calling;
O for a leader to lead us in fight!

Dead the old beacons; their light is departed;
Gone the great captains; and aimless, half-hearted,
Vainly we sigh for the leaders of old.

Still for a leader, an aim, we are yearning,
Swayed by vague impulses, tossed to and fro,
Sick of our craven inaction, and querying
Whether our lives be worth living or no.

Comes a low voice, in the hush that surrounds
Every man's soul; though it stir not the air,
Solenn and clear like a bugle's sound,
Rousing us up from our sloth and despair.

Martyrs whose deeds bid our pulses beat faster,
Men whose mere names made the timorous bold,
Knights who were steadfast through joy and disaster—
Who was their leader, the heroes of old?

One was their leader whose flag is still o'er us,
Joy of their souls though their bodies are dust;
Open and free lies the highway before us,
If we would follow the brave and the just.

We may have place in that endless procession,
Follow the flag that shall never be furled,
Witness with martyrs a steadfast confession,
Lead on with the music that leadeth the world.

Warring and wounded, but never retreating,
We too may pass through tempestuous years,
Hear the church militant's mighty heart beating
Up through earth's discords that madden our ears.

See a great light in the darkness uprising,
Struggling through shadows that waver and flee;
Ah, then our sick souls have broken their prison,
Then with the freedom of God we are free!

Vain the fiend's lures and the world's cold delusion,
Vain our own errors of earlier years,
Once when that glory has streamed on our vision,
Once when that music has rung in our ears!

Not for earth's gold or its empty applause,
But for our Lord and our brethren we strive,
Fighting the good fight through sorrows and losses,
Loving the lowliest creature alive.

Bringing warm joy to earth's desolate regions,
Pressing wherever our Leader hath trod—
What else is worthy a brave man's allegiance?
Take we our part with the soldiers of God!

Lord of all valor, all gallant endeavor,
Master of patient endurance in pain,
Be thou our captain, our leader forever!
Strengthen our hands, that we war not in vain.

Thou who hast been with the faithful of history,
Noble and lowly, the good of all time,
Lives noble and glorious, lives hid in mystery—
Strengthen our living, and make it sublime!

Thy path we choose, be it gloomy or glorious,
Thy flag we follow, through flame and through sea,
Till in that far land we sit down victorious,
Gathered forever to them and to Thee.

Lord of the loftiest, love of the lowliest,
Help of the sinner and joy of the pure,
Refuge of outcasts, yet awe of the holiest,
Strengthen our souls to obey and endure!

A STORY REWRITTEN.

BY G. G. BUSH, PH. D.

When, a few weeks ago, I wrote for the HERALD a short description of Gay Head, I little thought that before the article could reach the compositor's hands, the name that was suggestive to me of only pleasant memories, would become a shuddering reminder of an appalling shipwreck almost without a parallel upon our New England coast. The fate of the passengers and crew of the "City of Columbus," upon whom this disaster fell, who in the darkness of that wintry morning were suddenly swept into the sea, or after hours of anguish perished from cold

and exhaustion, or even of the few who were rescued, was most terrible. Even to us who have endeavored to picture the reality of such a scene, death has taken on new terrors. No wonder that not alone in New England, where the dead were known, and where such intense interest was felt that for days little else was talked of or thought of, but wherever the story of the disaster has gone, it has awakened the most profound sympathy.

Upon whom the burden of the responsibility for this fearful sacrifice of human life will rest, does not yet seem clear, but the suggestion made by the editor of this paper a few weeks ago, that the possibility of another such shipwreck should be speedily removed, well expresses the thought of every one. If the officers of the coast survey to whom this duty belongs will not attend to it, would it not be fitting for the State—through its national representatives, if no other way is possible—in commemoration of those who here needlessly lost their lives, to take immediate measures to break up and remove this dangerous reef? The story of the wreck and the efforts made to rescue the survivors and recover the dead has been sufficiently told, but of the locality where the disaster occurred comparatively little, I think, has been written, though both geographically and geologically it has much interest.

My first special knowledge of this part of the island of Martha's Vineyard came, one day, as walking along by Lake Anthony in Cottage City, I looked into a potter's open door. There sat the potter at his wheel, while around him were peculiarly variegated vases and cups and other ornaments wrought by his skill. He presently showed me the process—a very simple one—by which these were made. To do this he placed on the table before him several small pieces of clay of different colors which he ground—that is, crushed with the hand or some light iron implement. Each separate color was then worked in the hands to remove the air, and when this was thoroughly done, equal portions of the different clays, after being slightly moistened, were mixed and formed into balls in sizes corresponding with the vases or other vessels that he wished to make. In this process of mixing the colors, care was taken that the red, which is thought to be the most beautiful, should predominate on the outside, while the gray (the red and gray being the prevailing colors used) should show most upon the inside. When a number of balls had been prepared, he chose out one and laid it upon the horizontal disk or wheel before him—the latter being of copper, so that there might be no rust to wear the skin from his fingers—put his foot on the treadle, and as the wheel revolved, by bearing down lightly in the centre of the ball with his thumb and pressing upon the sides firmly or loosely with the first and second fingers, according to the form which he wished the clay to take, in a moment out of this lump of clay sprang forth, phoenix-like, a beautiful vase, differing in color at least from all other pottery I had seen. He then went quickly over it with a piece of iron or wood, called a "rib," in order to smooth any rough spots, after which he drew a knife underneath next to the surface of the wheel, and it was finished. This pottery soon hardens, but, unless baked, which is not common, as the colors are thus injured or destroyed, never becomes impervious to water.

This acquaintance with Gay Head pottery determined us to pay a visit to the headland, which is situated in the southwesternmost corner of the island, and is about twenty miles distant from Cottage City. It was a pleasant August day that we chose for this visit, and as our steamer passed Vineyard Haven and we noted the picturesque background which it formed to the secure harbor before it, there was no hint in its summer-like repose of the fearful visitation of fire which that very night laid it in ashes. Passing East and West Chop, in about two hours a bright-colored headland in advance told us that we were approaching Gay Head. The summit, which appeared to rise a hundred feet or more above the

water, was crowned with the light-house tower and the keeper's house. After landing, a long walk was made across the fields before the summit was reached. The face of the headland, which from its color and contour is most striking and peculiar, is tilted at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees, and reminded me of a Swiss glacier in which the sun and rains have worn deep crevices or gullies; but, better still, of a mountain range as seen in perspective, for the mimic mountains, peaks and ridges, with ravines, valleys and fancied gorges, are all here; and besides, the whole is set off with a variety of colors which produce a most unique effect. Among these the red and gray predominate, but all colors are found, from inky black to the palest yellow. The soil is largely composed of ochre, but the black clay differs greatly from the others, as it crumbles readily at the touch and much resembles soot. In taking a walk from summit to base, we discovered that the other clays had great adhesiveness and tenacity, for sometimes there would rise above us a sharp projection which looked as if it might at any moment topple over and bury us, though it had doubtless stood there for years in defiance of frosts and storms.

To the touch of hand or clothing these clays seemed moist and sticky, like fresh mortar. If they could harden in their beds, some would closely resemble castle soap, and others dark brown lava. This headland is evidently a place of wild revel for the winds, and when the storm is high, the waves, beating with terrific force upon this pliable soil, have helped to form these deep gullies and bright-hued pinnacles. It is this action of the waves that will doubtless explain the peculiar form of the largest of the cliffs, which shows one color on its northern and another on its southern face. Seamed all over with scars, and with scarcely a particle of earth upon them, these cliffs remind us of the eternal conflict between the forces of earth and sea.

This has been a favorite field for the geological student. Here in the Miocene beds of the tertiary period (this is the most northern locality of the tertiary on the Atlantic coast) have been found some fine specimens of sharks' teeth, vertebrae of fish, shells, petrifications of wood, etc., and a great amount of loose conglomerate, the latter abounding in sparkling bits of quartz and sulphate of iron.

A short distance from Gay Head may be seen the Devil's Den, which is somewhat like the crater of an extinct volcano. Here there is a tradition of the giant Manshop, how that he boiled whales for breakfast, using the forest trees for fuel, until at length supplanted by his Satanic majesty. Not far out from the shore is a long, low ledge of submarine rocks and sand, called the Devil's Bridge—a name that must hereafter have a mournful significance—around which is ever a seething caldron of angry waters. On the summit of the headland is the famous Fresnel light, manufactured in France and exhibited at the first Paris Exposition, which throws a red and white flashing light of dazzling brilliancy over the sea. From the position of this famous light there is a fine panorama of the Sound with its many sail, of Falmouth, New Bedford, and the blue outline of No Man's Land and Pennikese, Cuttyhunk, and others of the Elizabeth group. Watching the flood-tide, one notices this strange phenomenon, that it sets up between the Elizabeth Islands and Gay Head and flows eastward through the Sound on towards Massachusetts Bay, and the ebb-tide in a contrary direction; while at Point Judith on the Rhode Island coast the reverse is true.

From this outlook one sees that these cliffs at Gay Head extend for nearly a mile along the shore, and then give place to a broad, sandy beach, behind which lies a level, desolate moor, nearly treeless and shrubless and barren of all vegetation except coarse grass and weeds and a profusion of stunted dog-roses which in their season throw a singular charm over the sterile fields. This dreary region belongs to the Indian reservation of Gay Head. Here on a point of land which is nearly cut off from the main body of the island by a couple of fresh-water ponds, dwell the few remaining descendants of the native inhabitants. Should the present national policy of educating and Christianizing the Indians have the same effect elsewhere as have the efforts put forth here for their improvement, the outlook for the nation's wards would seem by no means promising. After two hundred and forty years of civilization, the Indians of Martha's Vineyard—numbering at one time three thousand active fishermen, hunters and sailors—have dwindled to scarcely three hundred souls of a mixed negro race. Of the pure-blooded natives few, if any, have survived. More over, it is apparent that this intermixture with the negro has not been a misfortune, but that by it the race has greatly improved in habits, industry and manner of living. In place of the old rude wigwams framed farm-houses have risen, some of which are neat in appearance and blessed with home comforts. There are three reservations upon the island, but the principal one is at Gay Head. In the three thousand acres here set apart, a portion is devoted to cranberries, and much of what remains is swamp land, for which peat is taken. Some cultivated spots may be seen, but these are mostly gardens, as there are few fields of grass and grain. Many of the people depend for their subsistence upon fishing and selling this clay of which we have spoken. Among the regulations which govern this peculiar community there is one by which every native, whether he lives on or off the island, is looked upon as a proprietor, and which gives to each child seven acres of land, or sufficient to pasture three sheep. The law which forbids a white man to build or dwell upon the reservation seems to have prevented any intermixture of the Indian with the white race.

Missionary efforts were begun among these Indians as early as 1694, and were at first quite successful; but, owing largely to the decimation by disease which followed a little later, the results did not prove to be permanent. Dr. Freeman, of King's Chapel, when he visited the island in 1807 and made some study of the character and habits of the natives, describes them as generally "unchaste, intemperate, without forethought and many of them dishonest, but neater than is common for Indians." Thirty years later another Boston clergyman says of them that they had greatly improved, and were then "more honest, sober and industrious." During the years that have since passed, the present appearance of their farms and dwellings would indicate that they have not at least deteriorated. Their bravery on the morning of January 18, in rescuing the survivors from the rigging of the wrecked steamer, entitles them to rank with the stout-hearted men of whatever nationality or age, and it is gratifying to see that a substantial recognition of their unselfish services has already been made. These Indians maintain a church and schools under native pastors and teachers, but their speech and appearance gave to us the impression of a low order of intelligence. Should they continue to diminish from decade to decade as they have in the past, it cannot be long before it will have to be written of them, as of so many of the aborigines of our land, that nothing remains but the name.

THE MINISTERS.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

Far back amid the second decade of this passing century, there were laboring in lower New Hampshire certain ministers—now all gone hence—whose names live in my earliest memory, and the impressions of whose general appearance and manners live with me regardless of the lapse of the numerous intervening years. How much would it delight me to picture forth, if I were able, these impressions of my childhood days, so that the juvenile readers of the HERALD might contemplate with me the pleasant panorama that, now and then, passes, in sacred silence, before my vision! Ah, let it not be

forgotten that there were excellent men—noble and beautiful men—who once walked where we walk, and breathed with us our native air, and sang the same songs wherewith we send our glorious worship heavenward! They are absent, and we shall find them nowhere beneath these skies. But blessed is the dust whereon they trod, and the remembered seats where they sat and talked of excellent things, and the voices that, in the long time ago, saluted us as with heavenly music. And blessed were the little children that hung around those sacred men with wondrous love and reverence, and looked up to see their smiles shining down upon us as they gave us their parting kiss, and rode away, to come again, perchance, after many days.

Goodly men were these to look at. Their garb was noticeable, or appeared as such to me. Their pants were close-fitting and of neat appearance. They wore dress coats, single-breasted, rounded in front, plain and comely. The vest was closely buttoned to meet the cravat clean and white, with no appearance of collar above. Clean-shaven were they; and as they stood or walked abroad, their *tout ensemble* appeared decent and becoming, without reproach.

These ministers were generally not "college learned;" nor were they exegetically, theologically, or homiletically trained, except as they were, for the most part, self-educated and self-disciplined. They were *itinerants*; and their books were few and itinerated with them. The Bible, especially, went with them whithersoever they traveled, and was their inseparable companion wherever they sojourned. And this Book was their profound and incessant study, and in its precepts, prayers, promises and songs, they were eminently learned, and drank deeply and long of that sacred Spirit ever whispering along those sacred pages as with the breath of immortality. To those most beautiful parallels of the Wise One they thoughtfully and devoutly listened, and received instruction: "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thy heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."

And so these ministers dwelt largely amid the "lively oracles," and traveled aloft and afar amid the sublime mysteries of Christ and redemption, and rejoiced on Mount Zion, the city of the living God, and with the innumerable company of angels and the general assembly and church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven, and abode with God, the Judge of all, and with Jesus, the Mediator, and with the blood of sprinkling.

Something like all this were the training and experience of these men, and such their preparation to preach the "unspeakable riches."

But who were some of these ministers? We shall recall, in short articles, some of these honored names.

MR. PHILLIPS' ALLEGED "BLASPHEMY."

BY REV. MARK TRAFFOT, D. D.

Since the death of Mr. Phillips, scarcely a solitary notice of the great leader has been published in which there has not been, directly or indirectly, some reference to his charge that the Constitution of the United States was "a covenant with hell," and that it was regarded as bold blasphemy. I remember to have heard the same charge hurled against Garrison fifty years ago, or nearly that. Neither of these great men, whom the world will not let die, and to commemorate whose heroism careful will not be essential, were careless to pause to explain the character of their weapons, or the location of the army from which they were drawn. Mr. Garrison was a thorough Bible student, and from the old Jewish prophets took the severest denunciatory language he ever used. So also did Mr. Phillips. The apologists for slavery entrenched them-

selves behind the Scriptures, and said, "We have the Bible behind us. Baffle on, ye fanatics, we are not afraid!"

Now, it happened that Mr. Garrison—for he, I think, first used the illustration—came across in his reading this passage (Isaiah 28: 15): "Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us." It was so apt and forcible, that it was at once seized upon and used with terrible effect by the heroic agitators. "You plant yourselves on your Constitution, which, you assert, allows and guarantees the greatest atrocity the sun shines upon. We say then that, if so, it is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell, and as such we denounce it, for hear ye the word of the Lord, 'Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail [laden hail it was] shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place; and your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand.'"

The reader will see, then, that the exceptional phrase was not original with either Mr. Phillips or Garrison; that in its use there was no irreverence nor blasphemy, but, on the contrary, it was singularly apt and appropriate to the circumstances of the times. All honor to the old departed heroes! When I recall those stormy days, and see those grim old warriors, stripped to the waist, standing to their guns in the smoke, flame and thunder of conflict, I feel within the shout: Thanks be to God for the gift of such heroic and self-sacrificing men!

"THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT."

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Lorenzo Scupoli, the author of "The Spiritual Combat," was an Italian monk of the order of the Theatines, born about 1530 in the city of Oraneto, and dying in 1610 at Naples. After an active social life in populous cities where he was a powerful preacher and faithful worker for God, he was driven into retirement, at the age of fifty-five, by some shocking calamity, the exact nature of which is not known, and there in quiet, patient meditation he produced this little book. The affliction which seemed at first to cut short his usefulness multiplied it a hundred-fold; for the book attained immediately an enduring popularity, and has been blessed to multitudes of the choicest spirits of earth.

While the author yet lived it had been spread abroad in nearly fifty editions, and had been translated into many languages. In one hundred and ninety years there were in all two hundred and sixty editions, and all the tongues of Europe, as well as some in Asia, had received it.

It was the favorite companion of the eminent religious writer, Francis de Sales. He carried it in his pocket eighteen years, reading daily some portion of it, and never re-reading it, he says, without profit. It was, under God, his chief teacher in the devout life, as it has been to many others.

Its style is very simple and concise. It is a capital manual or guide-book for those who wish to make themselves masters in the art of holy living. Such as are wholly bent on this one thing—may their number increase!—will find great enjoyment in this precious volume.

The edition from which the following extracts are taken is published by James Parker, of Oxford, and is marked the thirteenth thousand:—

"Cast off all care, strip thyself of all anxiety about thyself, and of all affection for earthly things, that God may clothe thee with Himself, and give thee that which thou has not been able to conceive."

"The key which unlocks the secrets of the spiritual treasury is the knowing how to deny thyself at all times and in all things."

"To conquer our own appetites, in however trifling instances, is more praiseworthy than to storm strong cities, to defeat mighty armies, work miracles, or raise the dead."

"Let everything be a means of lead-

ing thee to God, and let nothing hinder thee on the way."

"Purpose in all things to do what thou canst and oughtest to do; be indifferent and resigned to all that may follow out of thyself."

"Consider that not only do all the works which thou hast done fall short of the light which has been given thee to know them, and the grace to execute them, but also that they are very imperfect, and but too far removed from that pure intention and due diligence and fervor with which they should be done."

SPEECH.

"Speak as little as may be of thy neighbor, or of anything that concerns him, unless an opportunity offers to say something good of him."

"Speak well of all, and excuse their intention if thou canst not excuse their action."

"Speak always with mildness and in a low tone of voice."

"Speak neither well nor ill of thyself."

"Let the things which thy heart suggests to thee to say be well considered before they pass on to the tongue; for thou wilt perceive that it would be well to keep back many of them."

DISQUIET.

"As we should do our utmost to recover our peace of mind when we have lost it, so we must learn that there is nothing which ought to take it away or ever disturb it."

"Be assured that all disquiet is displeasing in His sight; for be it what it may, it is never free from imperfection, and always springs from some evil root of self-love."

"If when thou fallest thou art saddened and disquieted as to be tempted to despair of advancing and doing well, this is a sure sign that thou trustest in thyself, and not in God."

"Consider that all these disquieting things and such like evils are not real evils, though outwardly they seem so, nor can they rob us of any real good, but are all ordered or permitted by God for righteous ends."

PERFECTION.

"The aim of the whole life of the Christian who wills to become perfect, must be a striving to form the habit of daily forgetting self more and more, and accumulating himself not to do his own will, that so he may do all things as moved thereto by the sole will of God, in order to please and honor Him."

"The exercise of doing all things with the single aim of pleasing God alone, seems hard at first, but will become plain and easy by practice, if with the warmest affections of the heart we desire God alone."

"Study to do some one act with as great fullness of will and purity of heart as if it alone consisted all perfection and the whole pleasure and honor of God."

"We are wont to pray most perfectly by placing ourselves silently in the presence of God, darting from time to time sighs unto Him, turning our eyes to Him with a heart-longing to please Him, and with a quick and burning desire that He would help us to love Him purely, to honor and serve Him."

VEXTATIONS.

"Happen what may, remain thou ever steadfast and joyful in humble submission to His Divine Providence."

"Everything which befalls us comes from God for our good, and we may profit by it."

"Of this be sure, that the more unreasonable in itself the trial seems, and the greater indignity it has by reason of the quarter whence it comes, and therefore to thee the more vexatious and the harder to be borne, so much the more pleasing wilt thou be to the Lord, if, in things disordered to themselves, and so more bitter to thee, thou canst approve and love His divine will and providence, in which all events, how disordered soever, have a most perfect rule and order."

"Value as dear friends every vexation and contempt which the world can heap upon thee. It is because men are not aware of the necessity of this daily warfare, and make too little account of it, that their victories are infrequent, difficult, imperfect, and unstable."

THE WILL OF GOD.

"When anything is presented to thee as willed by God, do not allow thyself to will it, till thou hast first raised thy thoughts to Him to discover whether He willeth thee to will it, and because He so willeth it, and to please Him alone."

"In all things make it a general rule to keep thy wishes so far removed from every other object that they may aim simply and solely at its true and only end, i. e., the will of God. For in this way will they be well ordered and righteous; and thou, in any contrary event whatsoever, wilt be not only calm, but contented; for as nothing can happen without the Supreme Will, thou, by willing the same, wilt come at all times, both to will and to have, all that happens and all that thou desirest."

Thou too must learn, like others, that the sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, and gives no explanation of itself,—no answer to our importunings!

Hyperion.

Miscellaneous.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

BY EDWARD H. ROGERS.

The laity are the subjects of much clerical admonition and entreaty with reference to regularity in their contributions in support of the Gospel and its various ministrations. Their response is not as yet encouraging. The lack of funds is confessedly the chief impediment to the extension of Christianity.

It is understood that devoted men and women are always in waiting—or they may be easily found—who are ready to give up all for Christ, and go to distant lands. But the money for their support comes slowly. It cannot be for lack of the disposition to labor, for lack of health, and to sacrifice, if need be, even life itself, for tens of thousands of Christians in the common walks of life have proved in our recent national convulsion that they were ready to do all these things. But the same classes who have poured out their blood freely on thousands of battle-fields, fail to respond to a paltry average of a dollar each per annum for the support of missions.

The reason lies deeper than the indifference or selfishness of the people; it is to be found mainly in their poverty. I know that there is great wealth in the churches; but that is the very reason why there is so much want. By far the larger part of this wealth is held by a few who reside for the most part in the cities. These classes submit to an income tax only under the rigorous demands of civil law. When they are asked to give voluntarily to the church, according as God has prospered them—which involves the idea of the income tax—they with one consent begin to make excuse. There can be no doubt but that immense sums are hoarded by these classes, that really belong to God, and for which account must be given in the judgment that begins on the other side of the grave. I except in these remarks a few wealthy people; doing it with gratitude, for, in the present condition of society, everything that is good seems to depend on them.

But the real question is, how to reach the pockets of the poorer church members, for our numbers are so great, that small sums, regularly given, would go far toward removing the exposures under discussion. There is room at this point for some radical statements; and the defects of church administration in pecuniary matters are such as to justify them.

This article is written with the tract of Dr. Abel Stevens, "How Much and How," before me, and a little leaflet, also, entitled, "A Sermon on Tithes," by a native missionary of the American Board in Turkey. Both of these tracts are issued under their respective denominational auspices. The last named of them takes strong ground in enforcing the obligation that the least that any Christian, however poor, should give, is a tenth of his whole income. Dr. Stevens is more moderate; but his argument sets, by very strong implications, in the same direction. It is hardly necessary to say that each of these appeals is strongly underwritten by Christian Hebraism.

But however well intended, they are fallacious; they both of them leave out of account the momentous fact that the toiling masses of Christian England and America are in an entirely different situation from that of similar classes among the Hebrews. What propriety would there be in applying Solomon's statement, "that the hand of the diligent maketh rich," to the laboring man and woman of the great manufacturing centres of to-day? To ask this question is to answer it; for the echoes of the industrial contest now disturb the peace of the civilized world.

The fact that the magnificent contributions of the Hebrew people came from small freeholders, and were paid in kind—that is in a share of their crops—and not in money, is of itself sufficient to neutralize the force of the argument from Scripture. But this statement gives a very inadequate idea of the motives which the Hebrews had for liberal giving. A large part of their contributions went to support the Levites; and this body were under obligation to render their services to the people as preachers, lawyers, doctors, etc., for nothing. Dr. Thompson, the widely-known missionary of the American Board in Syria, says that "The Hebrew commonwealth or church was a religious corporation which guaranteed extensive worldly advantages to every faithful member."

The first question for the churches to consider is: How shall we retain our present laboring membership, help them in the support of families, and so enlarge their whole financial situation as to enable them to bear a

religious income tax, for it is evident that we must come to this before the needed funds can be obtained. The measures that will do this will have an inherent gospel power, which will obviate the further discussion, now pending, of how to reach the un-church people; and they will also carry with them all social questions. The church of the near future is going, not only to interest itself sympathetically in the material condition of the common people, but it will use its immensity of spiritual and social force in organizing such instrumentalities as shall accomplish the work. Toward such a church as this will be, the American people are to flock as doves to their shelter; and its Great Head, the Lord Jesus Christ, is to see the blessed results "of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied."

Chelsea, Mass.

PROTESTANTISM IN MEXICO.

The Progress of Eight Years.

BY REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

Some eight years ago, after an extensive correspondence with the foreign missionaries in Mexico, we compiled the statistics of Protestantism in this country. The table then furnished ZION'S HERALD was as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| Number of Congregations, | 130 |
| Church Members, | 12 |
| Other Places of Worship, | 108 |
| Probable value of Church Property, | \$129,000 |
| Day Schools, | 28 |
| Orphanages, | 3 |
| Theological Seminaries, | 2 |
| Presses in Use, | 7 |
| Religious Periodicals issued, | 6 |
| Agents Employed in the Work, | 125 |

Now, after eight years, we have again corresponded with the foreign missionaries, and have the following marvelous result:—

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Number of Foreign Missionaries, including: | 69 |
| Ordained Native Ministers, | 40 |
| Ordained Native Helpers, | 163 |
| Ladies of the Woman's Societies, | 10 |
| Congregations, | 264 |
| Communicants, | 15,000 |
| Probable Adherents, | 27,200 |
| Sunday-schools, | 13 |
| Scholars, | 4,650 |
| Day Schools, | 82 |
| Scholars, | 3,050 |
| Church Edifices, | 45 |
| Other Places of Worship, | 219 |
| Probable Value of Church Property, | \$442,250 |
| Number of Presses Employed, | 11 |
| Periodicals issued, | 12 |
| Their United Circulation, | 4,000 |
| Pages of Religious Literature published | 3,770,445 |
| Theological Seminaries, | 26 |
| Students, | 36 |

Our readers will at once notice that the congregations have more than doubled; there are nearly four times as many church edifices, and church property has increased in equal proportion; the day schools are nearly three times as numerous, with over three thousand children in them; and the first four figures of the second table give us a total of 291 agents in the field—more than twice as many as the first table shows. Hence it is easy to see that Protestantism in Mexico has more than doubled itself during the past eight years, and all this in the face of such bitter persecution as our friends at home know but little of.

We well remember soon after we came into this country that an English gentleman called upon our superintendent to protest against his sending one of our missionaries to the city of Guanajuato. He tried to make us believe it would cost his life and the life of his family. Dr. Butler quietly replied that our missionaries knew in whom they had believed, and were willing to trust their lives in His hands. In a few days both superintendent and missionary, accompanied by their wives, started for Guanajuato. At times it looked as though it might cost some lives before the work was established. But God was with His faithful missionaries, and to-day we have between three and four hundred adherents in the very city of Guanajuato, besides all those who have died in the faith and those who have removed to other places. Some of these latter have been the means of establishing other congregations in different parts of the State, so that we feel sure that upwards of a thousand souls have been led "from darkness to light" as the result of about seven years of missionary work in that one State!

Let such facts encourage God's people at home, and lead them to increased liberality toward this wonderful field. Methodism ought to do great things for Mexico during the next twenty years.

Mexico City, Feb. 1.

Correspondence.

FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

An occasional letter from the East indicates a false impression in the direction of the dangers of a residence in the Northwest. Some fear that we may freeze to death. Nothing freezes in this country but water and mercury. The pulse beats, on an average, twelve per minute faster than in the conservative East, and that fact indicates a combustion that defends against the severer cold, and at the same time a use of vital energy that wears men out much earlier in life. The climatic changes here are as often and as great as in Boston, only here they are all around zero. This has been a hard winter—not so much on account of the severe cold, as of the large number out of employment, thousands in this city alone having nothing to do. The citizens, however, manifest a commendable zeal in trying to relieve suffering and supply the demands for the necessities of life.

HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The branch of this society inside the Minnesota Conference was organized with reference to our frontier work, undertaking to provide, mainly, for the heroic men laboring on these outposts. The work is apportioned among the

churches having the ability, each church undertaking to provide for one family. The Ladies' Society puts itself in communication with the family selected, and finding out their wants, supplies them bountifully. In this way many a grand and heroic worker is being encouraged and comforted. When Bishop Simpson presided last fall over the Mission Conference of Dakota at Huron, he said, as he comprehended the work these men were doing, and the sacrifices at which they were doing it, "I am looking this morning into the faces of heroes."

BISHOP FOSS

is among us, an honor to the church he represents, and commanding the respect and esteem of all denominations. He is seldom out of the pulpit on the Sabbath, dedicating churches far and near, and preaching for his brethren whenever he can get a chance, in the little missions as well as in the large churches. He is a helpful, earnest, devoted Methodist bishop. May all that come be as good as he!

On the 17th of January last he reached his fiftieth birthday, and the ministers of Minneapolis and St. Paul gave him a genuine surprise. Your correspondent inveigled him away long enough for the brethren and their wives to take possession of the episcopal residence, and when the Bishop returned he met an unexpected greeting. A collation and the presentation of a splendid Waltham gold watch by Dr. Chaffc, presiding elder of the district, made the occasion complete.

HAMLINE UNIVERSITY.

About one year ago the main building of this institution burned to the ground. Quite a debt rested upon the institution, and there was only a small insurance on the buildings, the companies refusing more because the location was so far from any possible aid in case of fire, being situated midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Immediately the trustees, of whom Bishop Foss is president, met and voted to rebuild. When completed, \$27,500 debt had been incurred. It was all raised at the dedication by the munificent giving of the friends of the institution. Bishop Foss delivered a fine address on "Mandarinism versus Cosmic Culture." No sketch would do justice to the strong and masterly presentation of this theme as presented by the Bishop. By "mandarin culture" was indicated that had simple reference to this life. By "cosmic culture" was indicated that which fitted man for this life and the life to come.

Dr. G. Bridgman, late of Lima, N. Y., is the president of the institution. Professors Gale and Taylor, graduates of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., are among its efficient corps of teachers. Over one hundred students are in attendance, and substantial work is being done.

MISS CORSON.

a professional cook, has been in our city recently, delivering lectures and giving practical lessons in cookery. She has greatly offended the good ladies of the W. C. T. U., and all others interested in the suppression of the evils of intemperance, by making wide and brandy figure largely in her teaching. I am assured she hurt the temperance cause in our city, where there are 530 saloons open, some of them every day in the week, and kindred institutions everywhere to be found, with a mayor who not only vindicates, but patronizes such places.

THE CHURCHES

In the city have, with few exceptions, been holding extra meetings since the Week of Prayer. And while there have been quite a number of conversions, nothing of a general character has rewarded the faithful work of the pastors. There is very little interest in spiritual work among the members of the churches, so busy are they, in common with all classes here, trying to make money. And besides there are large numbers of ex-ministers in this country, all in the real estate business, life insurance not seeming to infect this climate as yet.

CITY MISSIONS.

We have a city missionary society similar to the New York society, and it is doing great good in locating missions and giving them supervision until they are self-supporting. In the last two years three missions have been established, nice chapels built, trustees appointed, churches organized, and two of them are nearly self-supporting. The executive committee of this society met last week and located four new missions to reach the outside growth of the city.

Thomas Harrison is expected to commence work in Centenary Church some time in April, and it is hoped, as elsewhere so here, he will, under the blessing of God, move the entire city.

F. J. WAGNER.

Feb. 19.

FROM FLORIDA.

That the soil and climate are adapted to the successful culture of the orange, is now beyond question. The magnificent groves in almost every part of the State, yielding large and profitable returns, demonstrate its peculiar fitness for this specialty. Other fruits will grow and ripen here—the lemon, banana, pineapple, guava—but as yet the orange alone can be depended upon with reasonable certainty for profitable returns. In South Florida many groves that year after year bear heavy crops, and each succeeding year the trees develop in size and fruitfulness. That it is to be the chief industry and reliance of the State, none who are here and have witnessed its amazing development can doubt. As the fruit ripens in winter, and very much can be done in caring for the grove just when the weather is almost perfect, a great multitude from the North, many of them invalids, have engaged in the culture, hoping to regain health by outdoor life and labor and also make an honest penny. And doubtless there are many

suffering from the rigors of a Northern winter who are looking this way and wishing they might enjoy the luxury of an orange grove.

Certainly, in contrast, the difference between New England and Florida at this season of the year is very great. It is February, but we are in the glory of spring-time. Bud and flower and orange bloom are opening, and there is no sign of winter—no ice, nor hail, nor slush, nor east winds, nor pneumonia in the green shelter of the groves. We are having an unvarying succession of June days.

"But does it pay?" It is difficult to answer with absolute truth a general question of this kind. It depends upon circumstances. In many instances it pays heavily; in many more instances it is attended with loss of time and money. Does my reader remember the percentage of failure in business circles in Boston? The general law holds good here; some are eminently successful, many are doomed to failure. I frequently pass a grove of less than five acres, which, year after year, pays a net result of from four to seven thousand dollars a year. In our near vicinity is a grove which eight years ago was a tangled mass of primeval forest, utterly worthless as it stood. This year it sends four thousand boxes of fruit to market. It was a notable sight early in the season to see this eight-year-old grove under its mighty burden of fruit. That grove is certain to yield a princely revenue for a generation to come.

But such results come from a some-what rare combination of soil and location, combined with capital and intelligence, and they are, so far as I have observed, the exception, and not the rule. It seems inevitable to me that the majority who have on ordinary pine land entered upon the culture of oranges for profit, will be disappointed. It is perhaps too early to prognosticate, but certainly such are the indications as the innumerable groves on poor land reach "bearing," but fail to give profitable returns. And if, after eight and ten years of patient waiting and toiling the struggling grove gives no adequate return because of inherent poverty of soil, the loss is very great. For, in fact, in the "orange belt" there is little else that will profitably grow but the orange; if that is a failure, all is gone. Except for fruit and climate, Florida is the poorest State in the Union for the average emigrant.

Land agents and Florida editors will hotly dispute this, but any country that will not grow grass and corn is not the place for a poor man who wants a permanent home. But for certain exceptional classes, Florida has exceptional advantages. Thousands who cannot safely go through a Northern winter and have command of some capital, can enter upon fruit culture here with fair prospects of success. It is not difficult to build up the appointments of a pleasant winter home, and a small grove will demand enough out-door life and labor to be healthful, and on this line it will certainly "pay." For a winter home under these circumstances—with a summer home at the North in reserve—orange culture in Florida is a very pleasant and profitable thing, when health and comfort are involved as well as money. Such need not hesitate to invest. It is also true that many are making it pay heavily as an investment alone. It is also true that many have failed and are disappointed. The same way is to come and quietly investigate, and then on the ground decide. But whatever personal loss or success is involved, orange culture is becoming an immense affair, and it is to be the permanent and chief interest of the State.

J. H. OWENS.

Lake Jessup.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Different portions of South Carolina have been recently visited with a very destructive tornado. Our State papers are filled with reports of the disasters that marked the progress of the storm. A correspondent of the *News and Courier*, published in Charleston, in writing from Midway, on the 20th last, says:—

"I wish I had the power to describe to you a small portion of the ravages and devastations of the cyclone and storm of last night. I went over a small portion of the ground and in places where human habitations and comfort existed misery and desolation are now in full sway. There is no report of any one being killed outright, yet there are some people so seriously hurt and maimed that fatal results are feared. Within a mile of this place a colored preacher by the name of Martin Mingo, whose house was struck, was severely injured himself, his son had a thigh fractured, and his wife, besides being internally injured, was rendered it is said to be speechless. It seems incredible that a man of his heavy build, weighing two hundred pounds, was picked up by the wind and carried two hundred yards off, but such was the fact. This morning no vestige of the clothes or house of this family could be found."

This Martin Mingo is a local preacher of our church. Rev. D. G. Johnson, the pastor of the church at Midway, informs us in a letter just received that nine families of his church are homeless and homeless, rendered such by this fearful storm. They are in need of sympathy and material aid. The church at Midway is embarrassed with debt, and so great a calamity as the one just befallen them induces me to solicit aid in their behalf. Midway is less than twenty miles from Orangeburg. Any aid sent Rev. D. G. Johnson, Midway, S. C., or to me at this place, would not fail to reach the sufferers. Let those whose houses and homes abide in peace and comfort, remember those in this distress as suffering with them!

A very gracious revival is now in progress at the Claflin University. They already number a hundred conversions, and the good work bids fair still to continue. Dr. Cooke's health is improving slowly. He is again able to give some attention to the interests of the school. Rev. L. M. Danton, the vice-president of the school, is in good health and doing good work in keeping up the interests of the University.

A. WEBSTER.

Orangeburg, S. C., Feb. 23.

ON THE SEA OF ARABIA.

We embarked from Bombay, February 9, on board the P. and O. steamship "Kashgar" for Suze, a voyage of three thousand miles across the Sea of Arabia and the Indian Ocean, through the Straits of Babelmandeb and the entire length of the Red Sea. The most southerly point of the voyage took us within fourteen degrees of the equator, and consequently into an extremely warm temperature. As the ship's cabin proved to be almost insupportable on account of the heat, we passed a large portion of the nights, as well as the days, upon deck, making acquaintance with the stars, looking down from their serene and silent spaces, the new moon, and the Southern Cross, all of which were wonderfully bright in the clear, dry atmosphere. As we approached the equatorial regions one cannot but admire the increasing and wondrous beauty of the southern skies, where new and striking constellations greet the observer. The Southern Cross, above all other groupings, interests the beholder, and he ceases to wonder at the reverence with which the inhabitants of the low latitudes regard it. As an accurate measure of time, it is also valued by the mariner in the southern hemisphere, who is nightly called to watch on deck, and who thus becomes familiar with the glowing orbs revealed by the surrounding darkness. As a Christian emblem all southern nations bow before this constellation which is denied to northern eyes.

Bishop Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Massachusetts, was a passenger on board the "Kashgar," bound to Egypt, and on Sunday, February 11, after the captain had read the usual services, he was invited to address the passengers. He did so in an eloquent and impressive discourse. It was a calm, beautiful Sabbath, a sweet tranquility enshrouding everything. The ship glided over the gently throbbing bosom of the Arabian Sea, scarcely perceptible motion; and when night came, the stillness yet unbroken, save by the pulsation of the great motive power hidden in the dark hull of the "Kashgar," the Bishop delivered a lecture on astronomy. He explained the quarter-deck, bare-headed, his snow-white hair crowning a brow radiant with intellect, while the attentive passengers were seated around, and over his head glowed the wondrous orbs of the southern sky. He explained the quarter-deck, bare-headed, his snow-white hair crowning a brow radiant with intellect, while the attentive passengers were seated around, and over his head glowed the wondrous orbs of the southern sky. He explained the quarter-deck, bare-headed, his snow-white hair crowning a brow radiant with intellect, while the attentive passengers were seated around, and over his head glowed the wondrous orbs of the southern sky.

markable in the manifest identity of cause and mode. There was no mistaking, the history was almost invariable; robust, apparent health, full muscles, fair outside, increasing weight; then a touch of cold, or a sniff of malaria, and instantly some acute disease with, almost invariably, typhoid symptoms, was in violent action, and ten days or less ended life. It was as if the system was within eaten to a shell, and at the touch of disease there was utter collapse, every fibre being poisoned and weak. This, in its main features, has been my observation of beer-drinking, everywhere peculiarly deceptive at first, thoroughly destructive at last."—Col. GREEN, Pres. Conn. Mutual Life Insurance Co.

A liquor-dealer in Brooklyn, N. Y., was recently charged with the violation of the excise laws by selling liquor on Sunday. In selecting a jury the counsel for the liquor-dealer inquired if any were members of temperance organizations. None were found. Subsequently it was ascertained that two of them were members of the Methodist Church. They were not permitted to serve. The evidence clearly proved the guilt of the liquor seller, but the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Methodists hereafter will understand that they are not wanted on juries under "Home Rule" in Brooklyn excise cases.—Exchange.

From the same house we have A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, by Justin McCarthy, M. P. Author of "History of Our Own Times." The two duodecimo volumes bearing the same title as the present, save the term "Short," have been condensed and rewritten by Mr. McCarthy, and are now published in a single volume, and are now published in a single volume, and are now published in a single volume.

Our Book Table.

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1884.

Papists tell us that they teach their followers to pray to the Virgin Mary because her womanly nature makes it easier for the suppliant to approach her, than to directly address the Infinite One. Apart from the idolatrous folly of praying to a mere creature, is the needlessness of any such assistance, since the Infinite Christ, to the dignity of his Godhead, joins a human tenderness never exceeded by any mere creature. Our High Priest in heaven is the Man Christ Jesus. What true suppliant can fear to ask Him for help? And what a further comfort it is, to think that when one dies and enters heaven, one will "see Him as He is." His glorified human face will greet us when we join the white-robed throng. Filled with this glad thought, a poor woman, dying in a hospital among strangers, said, "I have but a short time to live; but what a comfort it is to me, to think that when I enter the other world, I shall see a human face!" What a happy home feeling that dear, divine Face will give us the moment we behold it!

To do good work in any sphere, one must love the doing of it. One must delight in it as to comprehend Longfellow when he says, —

"Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water."

This delight in work for its own sake and for the sake of the Master's approval, is especially necessary in him who is called to be a fellow-worker with God in winning souls. Constant study, thorough preparation, preaching, visiting from house to house, must be so much a work of love as to bring his highest powers into most vigorous action. It must be, not an irksome task, but a pleasant errand of affection, which can never be satisfied that it has done enough so long as aught remains undone. Blessed is that preacher who is endowed with such love for his work! Blessed, too, is the church which has such a pastor!

It is easy to say to our beloved Redeemer, "Thy will be done," when we stand with Him on the Mount of Transfiguration; but who that is groaning with Him in the gloomy garden of suffering can say with Keble, —

"O Lord, my God, do Thou thy will —
I will be still —
Will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm
And break the charm
Which hushes me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest."

Yet, as Jesus in His agony comes nearer to our hearts than when in His transfiguration, so we get nearer to Him in submission to trial than in our happier moments. Pray, therefore, O child of sorrow, for perfect submission to thy fiery trial! There is no rest for thee but in thy consent to cry with Christ, "Thy will be done!"

There is a strange fascination in the "bubble reputation," which charms even some good men as soap bubbles, floating in mid air, do little children. To have one's name in the mouth of the world, to be sought after, to be treated with exceptional deference, to be placed in seats of honor, and to be ranked with the great men of one's age, are prizes which to many appear worth winning at the cost of painful effort. But are they? If high reputation comes to a man as the spontaneous tribute of the public to great achievements and pure character, it doubtless yields a high degree of innocent satisfaction, provided he does not make it his idol and so become a worshiper of himself. In such case it becomes his curse. But even when accepted with humility and with due gratitude to Him to whom belongs the ability of which it is the crown, it soon loses its charm, and, as the testimony of many great men shows, becomes more a burden than a blessing. It is, therefore, folly for any man to fret himself into discontent, because he cannot win the topmost height of his profession. Better far to seek the honor which comes from God by doing the very best work possible to one's ability, even though it has to be wrought in some quiet sphere unnoticed and unappreciated by the changeable voice of the fickle public. He who saw Na-

thaniel under the fig-tree, observes such a worker; and in the day of his presentation before the throne of His glory, will say to him, "When thou wast faithfully toiling in that lowly parish I saw thee!"

The strength of destructive Biblical criticism lies not in the soundness of its reasoning, but in the bold dogmatism with which its authors assert its false conclusions. A falsehood vehemently and repeatedly asserted by a number of men is readily accepted as truth by many minds, despite their education and experience to the contrary. Even a Scottish clergyman, grand-uncle to Dr. Chalmers, was once led to believe that his wig was sprinkled with sulphur when five of his clerical friends affirmed by way of a joke that it smelled strongly of that article. His senses contradicted their assertions. Yet when they persisted, his imagination took sides with them, and he dashed his wig upon the floor exclaiming, "Why, my servant has put brimstone on my wig!" In like manner do the reiterated assertions of modern errorists, acting on the imagination, move many to imagine they are right and to question the faith once delivered to the saints. They see in the peerless influence of Christianity over the nations a demonstration of the divinity of the Book which is its root; some of them have had experience of its power to regenerate and comfort the heart; nevertheless, because this and that theologian, philosopher and scientist vehemently and repeatedly affirm that the Holy Book is the work, not of God, but of men, they trample on the testimony of eighteen centuries, and on the experiences of their own hearts, and exclaim, "Why, this is not, after all, the inspired Word of God." Foolish men! Is there any folly like unto their folly?

CREMATION.

Some years since, the construction of a furnace for the reduction of human bodies to ashes was announced as a private enterprise in one of the Middle States, and such a disposition of the dead was advocated by an infidel theosophic society (so-called) in the city of New York. But this disposition of the dead is now brought before the reading public in more impressive forms, and in ways calculated to awaken practical interest. Articles in leading English and American monthlies, and pamphlets with illustrations of the latest plans for erecting furnaces, with adjoining chapels for funeral services, and for divesting the shocking process, as far as possible, from its horrors, have been published of late, and even incorporated companies have been formed, or are in the process of formation, to carry this new form of the undertaker's business into practical operation.

It is not a new process, however, of disposing of the mortal body. India has practiced it for centuries, and the classic nations, two thousand years ago, burned their dead and preserved the ashes in urns. A persecuting church, three hundred years ago, was accustomed to burn human bodies; but, sadly enough, it anticipated the hour of death, and reduced living men and women, bound to the stake amid blazing fagots, to indistinguishable ashes. We have stood with indescribable emotion upon the very spot in Smithfield, London, where the bodies of John Rogers and hundreds of other holy confessors of Christ became ashes in the raging flames. It is not from any possible loss to the individual, as regards his immortal life, that Christianity reveals, teaching as it does the sublime truth of the ultimate resurrection of the body, that would make us hesitate, at once, to accept the newly-advocated process of providing for the dead. The materials for the future spiritualized and glorified form are as safe, whether deposited in the deep and made the food of the dwellers there, or sunk in the pauper's grave with hundreds of the most wretched of earth, or destroyed by quicklime, as in the daily-opened grave for all that die on that date in Florence, or consumed by fire.

At the voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God, the elements which have held the diffused form of the dead will yield their trust, and by a miracle, like that of the original creation, the long-buried will be clothed upon again in immortal robes and death will be swallowed up in the final victory of life.

The reasons which are urged in favor of the incineration of the dead are, 1. The sanitary necessity. In a vast city, like London or Paris, this occasion assumes quite an impressive form, especially where the custom is continued of burying in the churchyard adjoining the house of worship, and in the centres of business, or of homes, or of placing the dead in vaults under the sanctuary. But this custom has ceased with us. Cities control interment burials, and it is now the almost universal custom to provide distant, broad and beautiful cemetery grounds away from the closely-inhabited districts, and where the free airs of heaven have every opportunity to dissipate any malarial exhalations. Now that our cities and large towns are being generally supplied with water from distant lakes

and rivers, there is far less danger from any impregnation of the soil and the water from the poison of diseased bodies.

2. Perhaps the chief reason that commends the furnace rather than the grave to very sensitive persons is the terrible fear of being buried alive. Some people are in bondage all their life long to this terror. One of our most respected citizens in this vicinity bequeathed in his will a sum of money to his physician upon his actually severing the head from his body after his decease. This anxiety has but little real foundation in fact. The changes in the position of the body that have been said sometimes to be noticed after burial, but are by no means well-attested facts, are readily accounted for in the processes of the decomposition going on in the body. If life had not entirely departed upon burial, the sufferer would be unconscious of the death that followed the lack of pure air, as in the instance of one who dies in the vitiated atmosphere of his sleeping-room. It is even more horrible to think of reviving, even for a moment, in the white heat of the calcining furnace. The care that all intelligent physicians and affectionate relatives give to this question of consummated death relieves it of any probable, or even possible, occasion of distress. When, as in an instance which occurred a short time since in an adjoining State, the slightest flush of life appears, the burial is sure to be postponed until the question is relieved of all doubt. We inquired carefully in Munich, where the dead, before burial, are placed upon couches for several days, in a prepared room adjoining the cemetery, with wires on their fingers connected with bells, so that if they move it will be announced to the watchers in the building; but could not learn definitely that a bell had ever been rung, although there was a tradition that once, since the plan had been devised, this had occurred; but there is no reason, if this doubtful instance happened, to believe that the person would have been buried before the symptoms of returning consciousness had been observed. We do not believe persons are buried alive; but we should as readily submit to a living grave of earth as to one of fire.

The expense of modern funerals is urged in favor of the furnace; but the latter may be made as burdensome as the former. It is not the grave that is so expensive; burning will cost more than this, as now provided for. It is the richly-ornamented coffin, the many attendant coaches, the flowers, the misplaced mourning robes — these make dying in our days terrible to surviving relatives. The cure of all this is a manly and Christian disregard of unnecessary show and circumstance in the instance of our dead. How fine the late example of the Duke of Westminster — the richest nobleman of England — who buried his greatly-beloved and accomplished eldest son and heir in the simplest manner, with the most inexpensive of decent coffins. The question of expense would not be necessarily in the least affected by the different modes of disposing of the dead.

The breach of the sanctity of the grave by body-lifters is suggested as another reason. We do not think this an act of often occurrence within the circle of ordinary life. The potter's field of the city, the hospital, the poor-house, and the prison supply all the subjects that are needed for students in anatomy. In the instance of wealthy persons, when bodies are "snatched," in order to wring out money for their recovery, the families are abundantly able to guard the grave or tomb until further watching is unnecessary. But what if the body, without our knowledge, is taken; it is not exposed to any greater dishonor than to be calcined. Who would wish to gather up the ashes and keep them in funeral urns? How awkward it would be for a man with the cinders of three or four successive wives confronting him and the last successor, daily, in his home!

But there are sweet and gentle ministries connected with the sleeping-places of the dead. The allusions of the Bible are all to this disposition of departed dust. All Christian literature is full of it. It would pluck from our rarest poetry the most priceless gems. The garden sepulchres of our dead are the impressive teachers of the living. They preserve the memories of parental counsels, and proffer, in the most unobtrusive but effective form, the tenderest and most solemn lessons. They soften the agony of the abrupt separation of our earthly relations, and fill, until time, in a measure, replaces the loss, the painful vacancy of their absence. They keep our friends still with us until we recover ourselves sufficiently to dwell upon them as spirits in Paradise and not residents in the grave. We can hardly

think of a more terrible shock to an affectionate wife, or husband, or parent, than would be the immediate and rapid consumption, in a seven-fold heated furnace, of a form which we cannot bring ourselves to separate from the beloved person, until death has gradually and kindly, but effectually, begun to perform its dissolving work. Let dust still rest upon its parent dust until the voice of the archangel awakens it to new life!

THE SCANDINAVIAN REVIVAL.

We notice with great interest a veritable revival of moral and religious feeling in the three Scandinavian realms — Denmark, Norway and Sweden. And this notwithstanding the unusual political agitations which have kept these peoples in continual excitement during the past few months. Pastor Beck, the leader of the home mission work in Denmark, reports that during the last year in that land there have been held between five and seven thousand popular religious gatherings in the open air or in public buildings; and this is certainly a fine record for a people numbering but two millions.

This unusual religious activity proceeded in part from the influence of the Luther celebrations. It was thought for a time that these would not be very enthusiastic in the Scandinavian countries; but though a little late, they finally awoke to the significance of the occasion, and made the most of it. Governmental authorities set the ball in motion by recommending to all pastors to observe the fourth Luther centenary. The most famous university in the Scandinavian realms led the learned institutions with magnificent preparations for a great Luther festival of scholars. The Norwegians led off with their elementary schools and thence to the churches, commencing the principal day with trumpet chorals intoned from the church towers. A small though active faction of the social democrats did their best to prevent the working population from joining in this great demonstration, which they called a trick of the pastors. In this they were aided by the entire Ultramontane press, which exerted itself to the extreme in circulating the most contemptible defamations of Luther's character. But in all these things they signally failed, and now that the battle is over, the victory is on the side of the friends of order and religion.

This severe conflict will doubtless clear and purify the atmosphere for a popular religious revival. The authorities builded better than they knew when they called upon the masses to institute popular Luther celebrations; they builded better than they knew when they instigated their most learned institutions and their elementary schools to take part in these religious festivities; for through these the masses have learned that they are capable of following a course of thought and action without the guiding rein and bridle of the Established Church. They have learned to know that there is something more in religion than mere form and ritualistic ceremonies. In short, the revelation has come upon them that they have within themselves a power which is more satisfying to their religious instincts than they can obtain from the formal pulpits of the land.

This instinct has been developing itself and this power growing almost unconsciously for the last few years under the influence of the missionary work of our own American church. The people are everywhere receiving our open Bible and free Gospel with great enthusiasm; and if all signs do not fail, the time is not far distant when Methodism will make itself known and respected, and will be able to avenge itself for the contumely hitherto cast upon it. In no portion of Europe are the prospects now brighter for a rapid and profitable return of the bread that we have thus far cast upon the waters.

And this great religious uprising is accompanied by an equally great humanitarian movement, especially in the matter of the drinking customs of Scandinavia. The latest creation in this field may be found in Copenhagen, in which there have lately been established many coffee-houses and temperance eating-houses. The leading effort in this movement is to render these attractive and pleasant places of resort, so as to make them rivals to the numerous localities for the sale of alcoholic drinks. The rooms are high and airy, arranged with comfort and taste, and are perfectly clean; the prices for all articles consumed are very moderate, and for every meal purchased there is given, if desired, in place of coffee, a bottle of mild beer, but no strong liquors of any kind. This, it will be seen, is a species of gradual emancipation from the vice, according to which these associations hope to conquer in the struggle against the passion for strong drink.

The name of "temperance society," which is nearly everywhere in European lands treated with a sneer, or hooted with ridicule and contempt, has in these countries gained a strong foothold of respectability. The temperance organizations known as the "Good Templars" have remarkable strength in Sweden. They are said to number about 100,000, and when they choose to make a public demonstration, they exert a great influence on the masses; and that their temperance principles are based upon a broad moral and religious foundation, is proved by the fact that they are everywhere the leading spirits in the Luther festivals, and fairly turned torch-light processions. The money that they formerly spent in liquor they are now pledged to put into savings-banks established and controlled by their own orders; the entire organization being under the supervision of disinterested State officials, who are responsible for the honesty and economy of the administration. There is also a great revival of political activity, and the masses of the people are more than ever demanding constitutional rights and free suffrage. But herein lies the great source of danger in the popular demagogues of the land who are many and loud, and who too generally favor liberal liquor and liberal churches. To stem the tide of these dangers, several noted religious leaders have undertaken the popular lead in politics, but have thus far not been very successful. It must be acknowledged that the task of judiciously leading the masses into safe political pathways, is by no means an easy one. Parliamentary rule becomes difficult from the fact of the two opposing forces found in the working classes of the cities and the peasant laborers of the rural districts.

The present ministry of Denmark is conservative in its character, but its days are probably numbered. It is, of course, a supporter of the Established Church; and if it fall under the mighty assault of what is called the modern spirit, not only does the Established Church suffer, but all other churches suffer sympathetically. This is the curse, in all European lands, of mixing politics with religion. Thousands of politicians, whose leading doctrine is destruction, will join for a time with non-conformists or dissenters in destroying the tyrannical State Church. But when this is accomplished, they will then turn against the religious liberal element with which they have effected their purpose, and endeavor to destroy that; so that thousands lean towards and think it best to support conservatism in the church rather than run the risk of giving strength to a radicalism that may smother all religious efforts and thus destroy a popular and healthy religious growth.

These Scandinavian States have, therefore, before them a problem very difficult to solve, and they will be fortunate if the wisdom of their wisest men shall be equal to the task. This trio of States should have political and administrative unity, as their interests are so much alike among themselves and so much alike in contrast with the outer world; but this is not likely to be obtained. The language of the three States is nearly the same. They are Protestants, with scarcely a showing of Catholicism, and if they could bury their internal differences on political questions, and move in unison in religious development, they would become a great power in Europe.

BRIEF MENTION.

We are sorry that the modesty of the writer of the ringing and inspiring poem on our first page induces her to decline to have her name appended to the Briefly mentioned to say that she is an honored graduate of Boston University.

Evidently the friends of the equal rights of manhood have legislative work to perform in Ohio. Under an existing State law a colored man was imprisoned three months and fined \$100 for marrying a white woman, a week since.

The Book Agents at New York issue in the usual neat form the Minutes of the late fall Conference of the M. E. Church. This useful and valuable document can be had at the Depository, 38 Bromfield St. 75 cents.

Rev. John A. Cass has concluded not to take an appointment next year. His post-office address will be Cambridgeport, Mass. He will be connected with the financial department of the large cracker-baking establishment of F. A. Kennedy & Co.

The North Carolina M. E. Conference was held last month at Greensboro, N. C. Bishop Bowman presiding, and Rev. W. F. Steele, secretary. The anniversary meetings were very spirited and are generously reported in the local paper. Rev. W. F. Steele was chosen delegate to General Conference, and Mr. Geo. W. Morehead, lay delegate.

In a note in the last HERALD, the editor, by a slip of the pen, is made to administer lynch law to Wheeler, the murderer of Matthews at the ballot-box, in Copiah Co., Miss. The man deserved, doubtless, the full sanction of the law, but it should be administered by the constituted authorities. It was Matthews, and not Wheeler, who was shot.

The Missionary Review for March and April contains an interesting summary of the contributions of British Christians to foreign

missions in 1882, with a general view of the missionary field as cultivated by the different English and American societies, in addition to a great variety of instructive missionary miscellany. Rev. R. G. Wilder, publisher, Princeton, N. J.

Bishop Warren is writing for different papers of the denomination entertaining and instructive letters from Mexico, where he has been holding a Conference and inspecting our missionary work. We shall publish an interesting one next week. A letter from Rev. John W. Butler, in another column, shows how encouraging are the prospects of success in this heretofore Roman Catholic sister republic.

The Magazine of History for March continues the excellent paper of George Cary Eggleston upon "Our Twenty-one Presidents." The article is illustrated with very well-executed portraits. We have also a paper from Dr. Chas. R. King on the Hamilton and Burr duel, with a great variety of valuable historical documents and miscellany. 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Macaulay, Parker & Co., of the well-known clothing house on Washington St., issue to their patrons a beautiful edition of Bradstreet's Pocket Atlas of the United States, containing, in addition to the map, a large amount of statistical information. It is a very neat and useful little manual, as well as a permanent reminder of a large and liberal clothing establishment.

The Christian Advocate very thoroughly exposes a certain A. C. Dixon, who also travels under other aliases and delivers lectures on the Pyramids and on temperance, and sometimes profits his services for the pulpit. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and has succeeded at times in deceiving the very elect. He has made his appearance in the bounds of the New England Conference. Mark him!

Rev. W. W. Case, presiding elder of Cleveland district, Ohio, writes: — "Please make mention in the HERALD of the death of Rev. D. M. Rogers, a successful member of the New England Southern Conference. He has been very feeble for many months, but his death was hastened by a fall on a city walk, which resulted in a few days in apoplexy and death. He died in Cleveland, O., on Wednesday, Feb. 27, and was buried there on Friday, the 29th. His age was 72 years, and his end was peace."

The Art Amateur for March has ten supplemental designs. Its frontispiece is "Pictures in the Water Color Exhibition." The Note Book is fresh and vigorous. The editor does not, by any means, accept a divided jury as a favorable verdict for De Censola. The articles for the month are, "Dramatic Feuilleton"; "Exhibition of the New York Riching Club"; "The Gallery and Studio"; and illustrated household departments. 23 Union Square. \$4 a year.

We have received the 5th number of Every Other Saturday, a handsome quarto paper, published by a company of which Homer P. Chandler, 4 Devonshire Street, is manager. It is a literary and family paper, considering with frankness and courtesy the society topics of the hour, with well-written stories, and a sermon from some conspicuous preacher, and fresh and vigorous miscellany. The sermon in this number is by Rev. Dr. A. F. Peabody on "Causation."

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the talented lawyer and one of the most eloquent of the lecturers in the temperance reform, will visit California next month in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. We bespeak for her a hearty welcome. She will soon win for herself a ready hearing. The daughter of a former well-known member of the New England Conference, Rev. Jotham Horton, our ministerial brethren on the Pacific coast will find in Mrs. Foster a loyal Methodist as well as a very persuasive temperance advocate.

In the philosophic series of tracts, written by President McCosh, of the College of New Jersey, Princeton, the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, issue No. 5, which is entitled "Locke's Theory of Knowledge, with a Notice of Berkeley." Dr. McCosh gives interesting short sketches of the lives of both Locke and Berkeley, and then presents their philosophical themes, with commendation or criticism as he accords or differs from the writers. This philosophic series of tracts is clearly and untechnically written, and will be studied with profit by any intelligent reader. 50 cents.

Bishop Foster has gone South a little before the session of his Conference in Baltimore, in order to obtain some relief from the severe and persistent cold under which he has been suffering. His enforced departure forbade his filling several appointments in this vicinity that he would gladly have met if his health had permitted. His absence, for the cause suggested, has been greatly regretted. We trust a warmer atmosphere, if he can find one, will invigorate him again.

We hear, as we go to press, that Bishop Foster is quite sick and detained in New York city. Earnest prayers will go up for his recovery.

The Daily American, of Nashville, Feb. 22, contains an extended and very interesting account of the eighth annual Commencement of the Meharry Medical College, connected with the Central Tennessee University. Eight well-trained colored physicians were graduated, some of them young men of remarkable promise. The president, Dr. John Braden, Judge Thomas H. Caldwell, of Shelbyville, Dr. James D. Wallis, and Councilman Napier, of Nashville, made very happy speeches on the occasion. The institution has already educated and sent out forty-five graduates, who are doing honor to their training, and showing the high promise and possibilities of their race.

Hon. Jacob Sleeper was duly appointed a delegate of the American Evangelical Alliance to the General Conference of the Alliance, to be held in Stockholm, Sweden, Aug. 31 to Sept. 8, 1884. Feeling that he would hardly be justified at his time of life in going so far from home, Bro. S. has declined the proffered honor. The New England Conference of the M. E. Church elected Rev. Dr. Olin and our respected friend, Mr. Sleeper, delegates to the first Evangelical Alliance, which was convened in London. Rev. Dr. Olin was present at the meeting in London, but Mr. Sleeper was denied at that time the pleasure of accompanying him by business engagements, which detained him at home.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Chickering, agent of the old Massachusetts Temperance Society, continues his very useful labors among the Congressmen of Washington. In the interests of the temperance reform. The late anniversary was the fiftieth, and was the best attended and most enthusiastic of the whole series. In addition to Dr. Chickering's hopeful report, Hon. W. T. Price, of Wisconsin, and Hon. Joseph D. Taylor, of Ohio, made earnest addresses, as did also the retiring president, Senator Dawes, and his successor, Hon. Robert B. Vance, of North Carolina. The reporter says of the speech of the latter, that it was "a fall of Southern fire, Methodist ear-

nestness, sound logic and fervent patriotism" — a rare combination.

There is little excuse for throwing away time upon poor literature when entertaining and instructive volumes, usually costing from \$1 to \$1.50, are sold, in a neat form, for twenty-five cents. Harper & Brothers publish in their Franklin Square Library Justin McCarthy's (M. P.) brilliant and instructive "Short History of Our Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to 1880," for \$1.50; also the "Memoir of Prince Albert," compiled under the direction of Her Majesty, by Hon. Charles Grey, for the same price. They publish the latest issue of "Queen Victoria's Journal," for 15 cents, and the charming life of the Queen, by Mrs. Oliphant, for twenty-five cents. It is gratifying to know that this wholesome literature is crowding out, in some measure, the vile, cheap issues of a debased press.

The Art Union for March fully sustains the favorable impression made by the first issue of the new claimant for patronage among the lovers of art. Its table of contents presents Mr. Morgan's sketches; "At the Academy"; "The Water Color Exhibition"; "The Artists' Fund Exhibition"; with original sketches by Mr. Entree, F. W. Free, and Share; Edward Armitage's "Lectures on Painting"; "The Aestheticism of the Bible"; "Sully's 'Portrait of Queen Victoria'; "A Just Enactment"; "Julius Hallgarten." There is abundant and interesting art miscellany by the editor, showing that its management is in good hands. Published by the American Art Union, 44 East Fourteenth Street, New York. \$3 a year.

The New Englander for March opens with a sharp and sarcastic review of the "Spectator's Ethics of Science," by Hon. Henry T. Steele, of Chicago. Edward G. Bourne translates from the German of William Bender a suggestive paper on "Darwinism and Christianity." Prof. H. M. Goodwin, of Michigan, takes very vigorously the negative on the question of woman's suffrage, which will afford a fresh test for the irrepressible advocates of the equality in sex. F. A. Massfield writes upon "Teleology, Old and New." F. M. Stone, of New Bedford, has a sensible contribution upon an important social question — "The Extradition of Criminals." Rev. James M. Whiton proffers a thoughtful and interesting criticism upon "Moral Defects in Recent Sunday-schools," by C. C. Gulliver in Recent Sunday-schools. "Teaching" reviewed by George and Spencer. C. W. Ernst gives the "Personal Characteristics of Luther"; and Rev. Burdett Hart has a short paper upon "Catherine Adams." The last chapter is the review of current literature. \$4 a year, bi-monthly.

The Manhattan is rapidly taking a high place among the illustrated monthlies. It is very neatly published, and its illustrations are finely executed. The number for March has an interesting illustrated paper upon Dartmouth College. Its other articles are the continued story of Harriet Prescott Spofford; a poem by Sarah Orne Jewett; "Our Forefathers and True Love," by Laura C. Abbott; "Walk in Winter," by C. C. Holloway; an instructive and entertaining article, with many illustrations, upon "Rafting on the Allegheny"; a suggestive and timely paper upon the future of Egypt, by W. W. Loring, Pasha; the "Myth of Fingal's Cave," illustrated; a continued story by Edgar Fawcett; and the third of the able papers upon "Evolution" — a powerful review and critique of the philosophy of Spencer, by G. T. Currier, esq., which has excited much attention and will doubtless be published in a separate form. The book notices and editorial miscellany show a skillful hand in the management of this new magazine. Published at Temple Court, New York city. \$3 a year.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Independent says: —

"At a West End party, the other night, a young man, who seemed not to have been very strong, had been constituted a member of the Russian wine he had been drinking, and fell prostrate on a sofa, thereby disturbing very seriously the peace of mind not only of the hostess, but of the guests. The young man had to be assisted to leave the house."

What about the custom that suits administrators to an unsophisticated young man that satanic beverage of Russian wine, or any other intoxicant? He seems "not to have been very strong." Had he only been previously inured to the drinking of beer or of wine, he might have been constituted a member of the Russian wine he had been drinking, and he would have been safely venturing within the pale of fashionable society without incurring the risk of a week's matter "has made a great deal of talk." We should readily think it might; but the "talk" been by way of condemning a usage that thus imperils the life and morals of the young, or only by way of ridiculing the weakness of the unfortunate young man who had been so haplessly and whose nerves were so frail that, as in the case of Edgar Allan Poe, a table-spoonful of brandy sufficed to craze him? What, meantime, shall we say of the woman who in this age shall yet have the presumption, at the behest of fashion, to place the wine-cup in the hands of the young?

The corporations of the Wesleyan Home for Orphans and Destitute Children have met and organized under appropriate officers. The corporation is now in condition to receive any money placed in its hands for the purpose of establishing such an institution. Whatever sums may be given will be placed at interest until an adequate amount is raised to meet the purchase of property for the Home. What has already been received has been deposited with the stewards of the New England Conference, is also treasurer of the corporation of the Wesleyan Home. As several requests have been made for the exact form of the notice, a lady who has been greatly interested in the establishment of this institution, has written an earnest call for its support, which will appear in the next issue of our paper.

FORM OF REQUEST. I give, bequeath and devise to the "Wesleyan Home for Orphans and Destitute Children," a corporation located in Boston, the sum of \$_____, to be applied to the general purposes of the corporation, and the receipt of the treasurer of the corporation shall be a sufficient receipt. If real estate is bequeathed, give a description of the property.

A number of our leading ministers — presiding elders and pastors — of the Ohio Wesleyan, with the agents and editors at Cincinnati, representing the towns which have been flooded in the valley of the Ohio by the numerous tributes, call for aid from the members of the church in all parts of the country, to help out our ministers and people who have been so severely desolated and impoverished by the destruction of the Ohio river. The general subscription of nearly \$50,000 in aid of the chief points of distress, has

can readily be seen that there will be many cases of excommunication suffering that will not appeal to this public distribution. Many of our members have been subjected to terrible losses. An expression of practical sympathy at this hour will be worth much more than its money value, and will be an inspiration to hundreds now greatly depressed. All donations of money—large or small—may be sent directly to Rev. Dr. J. M. Walden, of the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. Any special offering may be given to these contributions, desired by the donors. We shall be glad to offer aid in sending gifts for the assistance of these sadly-affected members of our own communion.

The neat annual catalogue of Wesleyan University for 1883-4 shows an encouraging condition of progress in this oldest and best endowed of our collegiate institutions. It is a college, pure and simple, and has in its different classes over two hundred students. It has a large and able faculty and among the finest studies of academic buildings in the land. Its children are everywhere rising up and calling it blessed!

We have received and read with interest the Annual Report of the commissioners and officers of the Massachusetts State Prison. The institution shows a wholesome condition of internal discipline and good industrial results, although the prison is not run to make money for the State, but for the restraint and punishment and reformation of bad men. The income fell short of expenses \$14,375.70. There is a difference of judgment between the warden and the commissioners as to the expediency and benefit of payment to prisoners for overwork. The commissioners esteem the course to be illegal, and recommend the Minnesota system, where the convict is paid by the State daily wages for all the time that is commuted upon his sentence for good conduct. Of the money received for overwork last year in the Concord Prison over \$5,000 were paid to the families of the convicts. The warden, Roland G. Usher, ex-cited upon his duties with a clear apprehension of the nature and interests of a State Prison, but with a manly and Christian faith in the possibility of reforming dangerous and corrupt men. With great decision of character he has united a humane and hopeful temper, and while he has secured the best order, he has treated his prisoners as well within the bounds of humanity and accessibility to the appeals of reason, justice and the Christian faith. Chaplain Barnes speaks encouragingly of the year's work in behalf of the prisoners.

Joseph Cook had a full house on last Monday. His lecture, which he delivered with great earnestness and eloquence, although sitting, like the Oriental rabbis, while he uttered it, was upon Constitutional Prohibition. He proposed a resolution recommending such a movement in the State, as raising the question of political participation, which was ultimately passed by an apparently unanimous rising vote. Before the vote was taken, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, who was seated upon the stage, was called upon for a short address. She arrested her audience in her first sentence, and held it to the close of her ringing and admirable discourse. She showed the failure of liquor-dealers, as demonstrated by the testimony of liquor-dealers, to decrease the number of saloons or the quantity of liquor sold; described how the constitutional act of Iowa had been easily consummated, and the great triumph in Ohio, even in the failure to carry the desired amendment. Mrs. Foster was loudly applauded as she took her seat. Mr. Cook answered questions in reference to the evening of Scripture. He believed two kinds were referred to in the Bible, and that our Saviour countenanced only the use of "a practically unintoxicating wine." To the question whether the late Prof. Grey believed in the satisfactory reconciliation of Genesis and geology, he gave an emphatic affirmative answer. He declared that Urid was not a Spiritualist. The Bible does not forbid the practice of interest on money. The Roman Catholic purgatory is for the purification of partially sanctified saints and not a probation for sinners.

The lecture was an exposition of the latest theistic doctrine of the necessary divine origin of matter and of life, and a happy analogical showing of the equally necessary origin of all spiritual life by a divine birth.

The two Englishmen who command the widest respect in this country, without doubt, Premier Gladstone and John Bright. There are hardly any names that could be mentioned as standing so near to them as second in the estimation of our intelligent citizens, either as statesmen, orators, or moralists. While the extraordinary abilities of Mr. Gladstone are recognized, and his every superior adaptation to the leadership of the nation, as well as his high-principled tone of political righteousness, there are certain personal, democratic, liberal and programmatic qualities exhibited by the Quaker statesman, which especially attract the attention and win the sympathies of American Republicans. Mr. Bright has an additional claim upon our regard, in that, at the hour when even Mr. Gladstone hesitated and believed the American Union was effectually dissolved, he did not lose his faith, but lifted up his eloquent voice in cheering words, and prophesied the ultimate triumph and the wider prosperity of the Federal Union. His sympathies are heartily with the present English administration, but he left the cabinet when the Egyptian question, entailed upon it by the previous government, was thought to require the violent appeal to arms. It was a significant fact that while England was in a perfect whirlwind of agitation, demanding the immediate and forcible interposition of the English army in Egypt, the conscientious and noble public sentiment to aggressive wars lost none of its public esteem or of high respect for his intellectual and moral qualities, among the better portion of his countrymen.

It is rather a singular coincidence that, at this hour, when England is plunged again into armed intervention in behalf of her interests in Egypt, a life of John Bright should be issued from the press. It comes at an hour to attract attention and to awaken an interested reading. The biographer, William Robertson, the chronicler of Rochester, the family residence of Mr. Bright—has compiled a very entertaining and instructive volume. It makes an octavo of nearly six hundred pages, and is illustrated with a striking portrait of its subject. The volume gives a full sketch of the early life and training of the great Commoner, the author enjoying, as his subject is still living, the best of opportunities to gather up authentic and characteristic incidents. He records the circumstances of his coming forward into public life during the Corn Law discussions and his various reformatory efforts against church rates, game laws, etc. His early and later parliamentary career is portrayed. Many of his marked addresses are given in part. His position on all the progressive questions of the hour—on monopolies, land taxation, the state of Ireland, the Crimean war, the civil war in America—is fully stated, and fine illustrations are given of some of his most effective speeches, in and out of the House of Commons. Altogether, the work is one that will command and merit wide attention on this side of the Atlantic.

lent collation in the parlor of their fine church for all from out of town. The social converse was exceedingly hearty, and all seemed to appreciate the thoughtfulness of these elect ladies.

This is one of our best churches, and under the successful and eminently useful pastorate of Rev. S. J. Carroll, is in the midst of a precious work of grace—a glorious revival. Rev. M. J. Talbot, D. D., presiding elder of the Providence district, presided throughout the meeting with his accustomed grace and urbanity, occasionally also participating in the discussions. The usual votes of thanks to the pastor, church, choir and Old Colony Railroad Company having been tendered, the Association adjourned sine die.

W. J. SMITH, Sec. pro tem.

The Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Personal. — We are pained to note the very critical sickness of Mrs. Rev. Dr. Dorchester, of Crisfield.

Boston Preachers' Meeting. — The class-meeting exercises were very interesting. The appeal of presiding elders and pastors from the districts suffering from the Western flood received a hearty endorsement, and our people are requested to forward their collections to Bro. Magee.

Boston, Temple St. — Twelve were received into the church last Sunday.

Dorchester. — March 2, being the anniversary of the death of Rev. John Wesley, the pastor preached on his life and work.

South Boston, City Point. — March 2, two were received by letter and five in full, and two were baptized. A young men's association has been organized, with thirty-five members.

Salem, Lafayette St. — Ten have been received upon probation as a result of recent revival effort. Thirty or forty conversions are reported.

East Saugus. — March 2, one was received by letter, one in full, and two on probation. Feb. 27, the pastor received some forty of his former Hyde Park parishioners, who made a delightful visit.

Melrose. — The W. F. M. S. branch had a delightful Japanese tea party last Wednesday. Exercises by pastor and others, and two addresses by sea captains who had visited Japan, filled the evening.

Lowell, St. Paul's. — The pastor's recent sermon on "Conscience" is highly spoken of.

Central. — Mr. Murphy has created an interest in the temperance cause never before developed in the city.

Worthington St. — The pastor gave his reasons, in a recent sermon, for leaving the Baptist Church, of which he was formerly a member. He was recently presented a purse of over \$200 from his congregation.

Shelburne Falls. — Rev. F. S. Rogers is in a very feeble state, with his brother, at Newport, R. I.

Colebrook. — The last payment on the mortgage debt—\$97.75—was recently made. Congratulations!

Heath. — Friends of Rev. Wm. Ferguson recently met at the parsonage, and an enjoyable evening, a supper, and gifts to the pastor, followed.

South Framingham. — Miss Cassie Smith is aiding the pastor and people in a series of revival services, with good interest and several conversions.

Worcester, Webster Square. — The finances are in an encouraging state. The congregation has a healthy growth. Mrs. Maggie Van Cott will soon hold a series of revival meetings here.

Springfield. — The Connecticut Valley Social Union entertained, among other distinguished guests, at its recent meeting, Bishop R. S. Foster, Dr. J. H. Vincent, Dr. P. S. Upham, Rev. M. Hubbard, Prof. Brewster, of Middletown, and Dr. Steele and Prof. Gill of Wilbraham. The occasion must have been a rare treat for all audiences.

Trinity. — Rev. F. Woods gave the fifth lecture of the Railroad reading-rooms course, portraying business and social foibles, founded on the fable of the tortoise and the hare.

Greenfield. — The chapel will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks.

Turner's Falls. — The new church is very neat and attractive. It will seat two hundred and fifty persons, and cost \$3,500. Eleven hundred dollars remained unprovided for on the dedication day, but before the services were over it was all secured. The Tower Company has given the society a deed of its lot. Some two hundred persons have made different contributions of goods and materials for the building and furnishing. The afternoon sermon was by Rev. D. H. Ela, D. D., of Worcester. The evening sermon was by Dr. Daniel Dorchester, who presented many very instructive and interesting facts in the early history of New England Methodism.

Uzbridge. — One of the largest and most interesting temperance meetings ever held in town was enjoyed Feb. 17. Speeches were made by Rev. Frank Maguire, of Southbridge, Rev. Mr. Cobb, and Rev. S. L. Rodgers, the pastor, and president of the People's Temperance Union.

Florence. — The interior of the church has been finished. It is to be seated with assembly chairs costing \$1,000. One hundred of these have been paid for by individuals. The dedication will soon follow.

Newtownville. — The brethren here are rejoicing over the payment of the last thousand dollars of the mortgage debt on their church, which has so long hampered them. Revival meetings have been held nightly for the past few weeks, with excellent results in the salvation of the unconverted, the reclamation of backsliders, and the great quickening of many in the church.

(Continued on page 5.)

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The Family

EVERLASTING YOUTH.

BY ANNA OLIVER.

[At the recent dedication of the Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York, of which Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D., is pastor, one simple sentence in Bishop Simpson's plain talk was greatly blessed to the writer. The venerable Bishop's white hairs, the closing year, and other circumstances, suggested the following lines.]

We are not growing older
With every year's record,
For they renew their vigor
That wait upon the Lord.
The hairs they may grow silvery,
But the soul that keeps the truth,
Each year approaches nearer
To everlasting youth,—
In that land that knows no sickness,
Sin, sorrow, nor decay;
The land of faultless vigor,
The land of cloudless day;
The land where Paul the aged
Stands in the prime of life,
And not a martyr's death
A scar that tells of strife;
The land that rings with anthems
By children's voices raised,
Of melody the sweetest,
And Jesus is the praised;
The land where lowliest service
The highest merit shall meet,
And where the Mary sith
Forever at His feet.

While here we toil and suffer
Through the weary night,
We watch the glory gleaming
From battlements of light.
It silvers heads with honor,
While the heart is young as youth,
It lights the path of workers
In the service of the truth.
Oh, we're not growing older
With every year's record,
For they renew their vigor
That wait upon the Lord.
The hairs they may grow silvery,
But the soul that keeps the truth,
Each year approaches nearer
To everlasting youth.

HEROISM REQUIRED.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

It is always pleasant to know that a deed of disinterested, of true, genuine heroism, is duly recognized and requited. In the average novel this is usually done. The author, who, of course, has the ordering of events in his own hands, ordinarily takes care that poetic justice is realized; that virtue is rewarded; that innocence is vindicated; that truth triumphs. And it is on this account that people enjoy reading romances. In real life exact and equal justice is not always done; affection is not always requited; virtue is by no means always duly rewarded. And so we enjoy turning from the actual, where so many hopes are disappointed and fond and worthy ambitions are defeated, to the ideal—to the realm of fiction—where all these painful mistakes of Providence seem to be corrected. Walter Scott, in the introduction to one of his romances, remarks that many of his readers may be dissatisfied with the issue of his story, since all his good people do not turn out well; virtue is not always triumphant; the hero and heroine, after manifold trials and vicissitudes, do not marry at last and realize the fruition of their hopes. He said that the reason why his plot had taken the course it had, and why its outcome was finally what it was, lay in the fact that he had copied nature; or, rather, in the fact that he had faithfully reproduced actual human life.

And yet truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and real life is more romantic than anything described in books.

In the papers, a few weeks since, I noticed this statement: "The Iowa Legislature, on the day of its taking formal possession of its new capital at Des Moines, ordered that a costly gold medal should be struck, bearing on one face this legend: 'Heroism, youth, humanity.' On its reverse side is the following inscription: 'Presented by the State of Iowa to Kate Shelley, with the thanks of the General Assembly, in recognition of the courage and devotion of a child of fifteen years, whom neither the terror of the elements, nor the fear of death could appall in her efforts to save human life, during the terrible storm and flood in the Des Moines valley on the night of July 6, 1881.'"

The circumstances, briefly, were these: In a terrific storm on the above named date, the Des Moines river had risen six feet in one hour. Looking from the window of her mother's house, she saw through the darkness the headlight of a locomotive. In a moment it had disappeared. The train had fallen into the abyss. But the express train was now nearly due. What was to be done? Hurrying from her home, the brave girl started amid the appalling darkness and gloom for the nearest station, about a mile distant, to give the warning. Meantime the high trestle bridge across the Des Moines river at that point, about five hundred feet in length, had to be crossed. Undaunted by the rain, the fury of the storm, the terrific thunder and lightning, nor yet by the perils of that fearful pass, that girl, on her hands and knees, and from tie to tie, across that bridge; when, reaching the further shore, with winged footsteps she ran to the station, reaching it, fortunately, just in season to bid the station-master fling out the danger signal and so to save the down-coming express train from frightful disaster.

But where, meanwhile, was the little heroine of the hour? Overcome by excitement and the reaction from her effort, she was found to have sunk unconscious to the floor. Ah! how tenderly kind hands lifted her up and ministered unto her. The feelings, it need hardly be said, of the passengers toward that young girl, who, by this heroic and perilous deed had saved their lives, can be better imagined than described. "The most substantial and hearty tokens of appreciation were not withheld. Meantime, as already stated, the Legislature

of the great State of Iowa has honored itself by honoring, in the way I have described, this deed of dauntless heroism in common life. Fortunate Kate Shelley! Her name goes into history. As long as the annals of the State of Iowa shall be perused, grateful mention will be made of the noble, disinterested deed which she thus hath done.

But how many there are who have not hesitated, when occasion required, to perform equally dauntless and disinterested deeds; and "Fame has never told their story."

Little Dougherty was one of the brightest and best educated girls in Millville, N. J. She was a telegraph operator on the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. One evening during a terrific thunder storm, on going to her office door, she noticed, at the distance of about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards away, a large tree, uprooted and blown directly across the track. She realized at once the dangerous character of the situation. The Western express was due in a few minutes. Seizing the red signal-lamp, this frail, delicate, yet brave and determined girl flew through the fearful storm and down the track, and swung her light until, at length, she heard the engineer whistle down brakes, and she knew that the train was saved. Meantime, though the speed had thus been so checked that no harm had resulted to the train, the latter yet struck the tree with sufficient force, alas! to hurl a heavy limb against Little Dougherty's shoulder, and to plunge her head-long down a steep embankment into a ditch, inflicting several painful and serious injuries. Not unnaturally the passengers were loud in their expressions of gratitude to this resolute girl, and a handsome sum of money was promptly made up and tendered to her. This, however, was modestly declined; and returning to her office, she remained on duty all night.

The injuries, meanwhile, which Little had thus received proved ultimately fatal. From the effects of that blow on her shoulder she never recovered. Consumption finally claimed her as its victim. Slowly and surely she faded away, enduring her suffering in a most patient and uncomplaining manner. One Wednesday she died. Loving hands composed her limbs in death; and one lovely, quiet, autumn day, the villagers of Millville followed all that was mortal of Little Dougherty to her long home.

She gave her life to save others; but who knows of that noble act of self-sacrifice? Scattered up and down the world, how little the passengers of that imperiled express train, that stormy night, now safe and happy in their several homes, realize that she to whom they are indebted for their lives, as the result of that self-sacrificing act, to-day is in her grave.

"Low in her grave." Doubtless, had this dauntless little telegraph operator been killed outright by the rushing train in the night and the storm, more notice would have been taken of the tragic incident. Yes, in this case, doubtless, the press of the country, from sea to sea, would have rung with her praises. But, you see, she was only hurt in the shoulder. And then it took several months from that night of storm and horror to complete the sacrifice. And so the brave girl sleeps in a comparatively nameless, unknown grave.

Meantime, who can withhold from the memory of this noble girl a fearful tribute of admiration, especially as he calls to mind the scene of that lonely little telegrapher, struggling silently, bravely, uncomplainingly all through the hours of that night of gloom, on the one hand with her weary night work, and on the other with that mortal hurt—that dreary, dreadful pain in her shoulder? Did the consciousness that, by the blessing of God, she had been enabled to save from instant death a score or more of human lives, so fill her soul with peace—with lofty joy—as to render her almost insensible to pain, and lift her quite above the influence of her gloomy, forbidding surroundings?

"PEACE, BE STILL."

In the rush and the roar of the city
In the busy morning hours
A little boy—"a wait and a stray"—
Was trying to sell his flowers;
He dodged where the wheels were thickest,
He darted across the street,
Flinging his hand and his flowers,
With a scamper of eager feet;
And over amid the passers
He sang a simple strain:
"Peace, be still, peace, be still,"
Was the sweet and low refrain.

Nobody stopped to listen,
But many must have heard;
For the boy sang on in his gladness
As if he loved the word,
And into his office many a man,
Perhaps against his will,
Carried the tune and its lingering thought,
For it forced its way to the busy brain
And into the anxious breast;
And meditated the tollers
A respite of after-rest.

"Fresh flowers! will you buy a bunch, sir?
Only a penny a bunch, sir—
Peace, peace, be still!"
The city man, in his hurry,
Passed on the crowded way,
And he little guessed what waited him
Of trouble and care that day,
But among his morning letters
Was one that, as he read,
Covered with pallor the ruddy face,
And filled the heart with dread.

"Ruin, absolute ruin!"
"Peace, peace, be still."
"I never dreamed that this could come!"
"Peace, peace, be still!"
"Is there any help in earth or heaven?"
"Peace, peace, be still!"
At last he heard the gentle voice,
And answered it, "I will!"
Peace is courage, and courage strength,
I shall find the light ere long,
And the man was helped to victory
By the lesson in the song!

Marianne Farningham.

There is but one true, real, and right life for rational beings; only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And this is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and that is neither more nor less than a good life, a life of good feelings, good thoughts, good words, good deeds—the life of Christ and of God.—Kingley.

Our Girls.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

CHAPTER III.

According to promise, Griselda was at her post an hour earlier the following morning, and, just as she expected, Clara was not yet out of bed. So the young seamstress went to the sewing-room, and began to arrange her work for the day. This stretched out indefinitely, for this was one of the days that she was obliged to remain until late.

After a while a servant appeared with the message that Miss Clara wished to see Miss Griselda in her own room, and to this apartment the girl repaired.

"There isn't any hurry, Gris," her cousin remarked. "I don't have to go this morning till ten. I'm going to have my breakfast in bed."

At that moment a servant appeared with a tray, and Clara arranged her pillows comfortably, and leaned back with the air of a chronic invalid.

"I think it would have been a little more decent, Clara," said Griselda with some sternness, "if you had told me yesterday that you did not have to go to school until late."

"So do I, Gris," her cousin replied, "but it never entered my head."

"Well, I hope you will bear in mind next time," said Griselda, in the same manner, "that I have something to do in life, and that my hours are of consequence."

"Come and kiss me, Gris, and don't lay it up again me, please."

"When you are dressed, I will help you with your composition, as I promised," her companion answered.

"O, don't wait till I am dressed! Sit right down beside me. Now, Gris, you can write on any subject that first occurs to you. I don't care in the least so long as it is good."

What should she do? Griselda asked herself. Angry and contemptuous words would not help the matter any, and these were the only ones it seemed possible for her to utter. Another aggravation was, that it was almost impossible not to laugh at this really smart, and most facetious girl. While Griselda was thinking what course to pursue, Clara began again.

"I think I will write a composition on the fall of the year," she said, a lamb chop in one hand, and a napkin in the other.

"O, fall of the year, why are you here then forlorn and nipping old sinner? I've a cold in my head, and I wish I was dead."

"As I sneeze and I shake at my dinner."

"Upon my word that's quite impromptu," the poet rattled on. "Do you think I had better go on with it?"

"There's a promise in those lines, Clara, had as they are," her cousin responded, amusement for the moment taking the place of the very justifiable anger she had felt, "and I have no doubt you could write some creditable verses on the subject if you really tried."

"Now, Gris, don't preach. If there is one thing that is abominable and hard to bear, it is listening to advice from somebody who isn't much older than you are yourself. I always appear to listen when my elders are fling away, but I am deaf to the voices of my equals."

"When you are clothed, and in your right mind, Clara," said Griselda, going toward the door, "I will do what I can to help you. You will find me in the sewing-room."

"O, Gris, stay and help me dress," Clara coaxed. "I don't know where a single one of my things is. Mamma says I shan't have a maid, but I guess she'll be glad to get me one before the winter is over."

"If you can't dress yourself, Clara, I will see if Mamma's maid is disengaged," Griselda replied.

"No, you won't either," Clara responded. "She stuck a pin into me the whole length of the other day just out of spite, and I don't propose to be made a pin-cushion of. You're awful disobedient, anyway, Gris. Just because you're old maidish and fussy, isn't any reason other folks should be. Dear me! Where is my other stocking?"

When Griselda entered the sewing-room, she found Maud there. This young lady was arrayed in a flannel dressing-gown, and had not yet breakfasted.

"I've jabbed the scissors away into my hand, trying to get these corset steels out," she said to her cousin with emphasis. "You rip the rest, Griselda, while I have my hair combed."

Griselda took the corsets and the scissors, and went to work without a word.

"I've cut this side off, just as I want it," Maud went on, "and you measure the other one by it, and then put the steels in again. It won't take you more than fifteen minutes, will it?"

A sudden thought flashed into Griselda's mind.

"Does your mother know that you are making these corsets smaller?" she inquired.

"No, Miss Exactitude, mamma doesn't know it, and she isn't going to know it. Mamma has some halfpenny ideas in reference to tight lacing. She proposes that I shall walk round the earth looking like a barrel, and as I am not partial to the shape of a barrel, I alter the corsets to suit myself."

"If that's the case, Maud, I will have nothing whatever to do with it," said Griselda firmly, returning the articles to her cousin as she spoke. At that moment Mrs. Ives' voice was heard in the hall. Quicker than thought her daughter rolled the corsets together, and threw them well back under the lounge.

"I don't believe anybody in this world was ever so tormented as I am," this lady began as she caught sight of her daughter. "Your father is in a pretty rage this morning, Maud. Not one of the children have had breakfast with him for over a week, and of course

I am the only one to blame. Will you get yourself dressed, Maud, and go down stairs before your father leaves the house? Griselda, I thought you were going to help Clara with her composition?"

"Clara isn't dressed, Aunt Margaret," the girl replied, "but she doesn't have to go to school till ten to-day," she hastened to add, struck with a sudden pity for the miserable woman.

"Well, do tell her to hurry, and for pity's sake, Maud, do get dressed!" And with this Mrs. Ives left the room. Maud, on her hands and knees, diving for the corsets, would have been an amusing spectacle, if the situation had not been so full of anxiety.

"I suppose you are satisfied now," the girl said as she regained her equilibrium.

"No, I am very far from satisfied," Griselda answered sadly. "I would give anything, Maud, and now the speaker rose and faced her cousin, her eyes moist with tears, and a look of heaven's own pity in her sweet face, "if you could realize for a single moment how glad I would be to serve you in any way that was right. But I cannot lend myself to deceiving your mother."

There was something so genuinely honest about the girl's manner that even the hard and unbelieving Maud was touched.

"I know myself, Maud," Griselda went on, "that those corsets are quite small enough for you, for I have seen them on, and you have read sufficient physiology to know the consequences of tight lacing."

"Oh, I suppose you are made so and can't help it, Griselda, but you are dreadfully tiresome," Maud replied in a kindly, pitying tone; "but the worst feature of the case is, that no one will ever want to marry you. Charlie says that gentlemen can't bear girls that are old-maidish."

"Are you sure he said old-maidish, Maud?" Griselda inquired, a light in her fine eyes that even Maud could not help admiring. "I don't think that is exactly what he meant, even if he made use of the term. Young men like Charlie Devereaux, whose first thought is how to deceive his parents, and whose time is spent in bar-rooms and billiard saloons, would scarcely be expected to appreciate honor. He meant honest girls, Maud, when he said old-maidish."

With this scathing and well-deserved rebuke, Griselda left the room, and sought Clara's apartment. As she passed Harold's room, she heard her uncle say in angry tones, "I have given you every dollar that you can have this month. What do you do with your money? That's what I would like to know, sir."

"A fellow has got to have money, father," Harold replied.

"What is the matter with you all?" Mr. Ives inquired. "Is it possible that your mother, and all the rest of you, believe that I am lying when I say that I am standing on the brink of ruin? I don't understand it. But let me tell you again that such is the fact, and more than that. If I had had the slightest consideration from those whose business it was to help me economize when economy would have bridged over the bad place, I could hold my head up before other men to-day. As it is, I am as near disgrace as I am ruin."

Griselda, waiting for Clara to unlock her door, heard the whole of this conversation, and now her worst fears were confirmed. She knew now that there was no fiction about this embarrassment, which she had heard her uncle speak of so many times lately. His voice was heavy with trouble and indignation, and Griselda pitied him with her whole heart. He came out just as Clara had made up her mind to open the door.

"Well, Griselda," he said pleasantly, "you seem to be the only one by the name of Ives who has any ambition or common-sense. How does the phonograph come on?"

"Very nicely, thank you, uncle," said Griselda trying to smile.

"I suppose in a short time you won't need to mend stockings and furbelows for your bread and butter," her uncle went on. "I shouldn't be surprised if you kept the rest of the Ives family out of the poor-house yet."

"So it is a poor-house this morning," Clara remarked, having heard the last part of this conversation. "Yesterday was a lunatic asylum, and day before yesterday Maud and I were told to look for positions as nursery governesses. The families that the Ives sisters governed in would be thinned out in double-quick time. No young one would be left to tell the tale of our incompetency. Say, Gris, don't look so solemn. When mamma is scared, then will be time for us to fight. She says papa has talked this way for the last five years. You don't believe anything in it, do you, Gris?"

"I would take your father's word in other matters, Clara, and I am obliged to in this," was the quiet answer; "and now are you ready for your composition?"

"I am going to tease mamma to write an excuse," Clara replied. "I can't be bothered. Say, Gris, how do you like my Langtry?" turning the back of her head for inspection. "It took me an awful time to learn to make this Grecian knot."

When Griselda entered the sewing-room, the family seemed to be in executive session. Mr. and Mrs. Ives were talking excitedly, while Harold and Maud looked on without the least appearance of interest. Griselda withdrew, and went into the library, where the morning papers before her, she commenced as usual to fill up the spare time in study. She selected the report of a law case, and in a few moments had almost forgotten everything but the work in hand. In a small room off the library, and connecting with Mr. Ives' dressing-room, was a safe which contained the jewelry and other valuables of the family. A singular noise from this direction startled Griselda so

much that she immediately rose and opened the door of the apartment. Harold stood by the safe, which he was in the act of closing, with a small jewel-box in his hand which his cousin recognized as the one in which Mrs. Ives kept her diamond ear-rings—ornaments so valuable that they were only worn on state occasions. The noise which had attracted her attention was the up-setting of a chair which the young man in his nervous haste had not noticed.

His face was as haggard and white as the face of the dead, and his eyes in the partially darkened room looked strangely wild. The truth flashed upon Griselda with such force as almost to deprive her of the power of speech.

"Put those ear-rings back this instant," she said, as soon as she could command her voice.

"I can't put them back," Harold replied in a husky whisper. "I can't do it, Griselda. I must—I must have some money, or—or—"

"Harold Ives, put those diamonds back," the girl persisted without taking her eyes from her companion's face. "This instant," she added, as she saw him waver. "If you wait you will be discovered, and if you do not obey me I will call your father."

She would do as she said. Harold had not the slightest doubt of this. He had never known her to break her word. But still he hesitated.

"Griselda," he implored, "if you only knew the trouble I'm in you would not, could not, ask me to return those paltry stones. What good are they? And, Griselda, I will redeem them before long, and no one need ever know. I tell you—"

"There is nothing more to be said. I will call your father," and Griselda moved towards the door.

With a muttered imprecation the young man unlocked the safe again, tossed the jewel-box into it, and turned the key.

"Give me the key, Harold," Griselda commanded, holding out her hand as she spoke. He obeyed her mechanically.

"Now come and tell me all about it," she said.

OUR LORD'S LAST NOTES OF WARNING.

OLIVET—MARK 13, 23.

BY REV. JOSEPH B. HINGELBY.

The Saviour's eyes are moist with tears, His grief is more than He can bear; That sudden group around him hears His solemn warning voice, "Beware!"

They list again. He opens their eyes. Their ears His tender accents catch, As of Jerusalem He sighs, And warns them they should always "Watch!"

The trial of their faith he shows; Points out the sword which them shall slay, The judgment seat and cruel blows; Then adds this warning, ever "Pray!"

Then joy which crowns the end they see, The bliss which all their wounds shall cure, Salvation rich and sure and free, If they His warning heed—"Endure!"

Lord, teach us thus may live, With actions right and motives pure; That while to Thee our hearts we give, We may Beware, Watch, Pray, Endure!

The Little Folks.

HOW JOHNNY ATE HIS BREAKFAST.

Johnny sat in his high chair at the breakfast-table, with a napkin placed around his neck. Before him was his cup of bread and milk, his little spoon and knife and fork, and his tin ABC plate, on which lay some buttered toast and mashed potato and beefsteak cut fine. But Johnny was full of fun and noise. He didn't want to eat just yet. He wanted to drum against the table with his little feet; he wanted to slide out of his chair; he wanted to reach all over the table, and to put his fork into papa's coffee.

"Come, come! eat your nice breakfast, Johnny!" said papa. But Johnny didn't want to. Time enough yet for all that. Just now he was busy pounding the salt-cellar with the napkin-ring. "Pretty noise!" pretty noise!" he exclaimed joyously, and away went the napkin-ring over his head as a climax.

"Napping-ring! napping-ring!" he began to call out then, until somebody picked it up again for him; and after that, he was busy for a long time trying to make his fork stand up in it.

Meanwhile, the others were finishing their breakfast, and the nice toast and beefsteak were getting cold; but Johnny didn't realize and didn't care. He wished they would bring him the castor to play with, and let him shake the pepper-box.

At last mamma thought she must interfere. Ought she to have scolded her little boy, and hurried him? She didn't want to make a great black cloud sweep across his happy little sky, but she did want him to eat his breakfast.

So what do you suppose she did? She took the little fork and spoon, and played they were errand boys.

The fork took up a bit of toast and rapped against the plate.

"Who's there, and what do you want?" asked mamma.

"I'm little Master Fork," was the answer; "and I've come to put a piece of toast in Johnny Bennet's mouth."

"Oh, then, walk right in!" said mamma.

Johnny looked and laughed, and opened his little rosy mouth wide so Master Fork could put the toast in. Then, the spoon rapped on the cup.

"Who's that?" asked mamma.

"I'm little Master Spoon," was the answer; "and I've come to put a piece of bread in Johnny Bennet's mouth."

"Walk right up, then," said mamma; and Johnny opened his mouth wider than before, and thought it was such fun to have Master Spoon bring him bread and milk.

Then, Master Fork trotted back and forth, and rapped every time he came with a bit of beefsteak or toast or potato, and whenever he stopped to rest, little Master Spoon started up and brought bread and milk.

It was very entertaining. Johnny sat still and behaved beautifully, only he

laughed every time he saw a mouthful coming. By and by the toast was all gone, and then so was the beefsteak, and next there was no more mashed potato. Finally there was not even an atom of bread and milk left in the cup, and Master Spoon and Master Fork lay down to rest.

Johnny had eaten his breakfast.—Mrs. M. L. B. Branch.

BROWNING'S "LOST LEADER."

The article in a late *HERALD* by Prof. Hyde on "Sir Walter Scott and Lord Alfred Tennyson," in which he discourses on their elevation to the peerage, recalls a poem of Robert Browning. It is a singularly strong poem. "The Lost Leader" was not the junior peer of the House of Lords at least in the purpose of Browning, follows from the fact that the poem was written about a score of years ago; but we Americans, who saw in the simple name Alfred Tennyson, which he has consented to put away, his most royal crown and ornament, will hardly fail to see something prophetic in it. Perhaps it was intended for the author of "The Lady of the Lake" and "In Memoriam." The reader will be reminded of a poem written to commemorate "The Lost Leader" of Massachusetts, though Browning's splendid lines do not equal Whitman's.

JOSEPH PULMAN.

The Lost Leader.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
And for the riband to stick in his coat,
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lest all the others, she lets us devote;
They with the gold to give, doiled him out
Silver.

So much was theirs who so little allowed;
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, hon-
ored him.

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear
accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!

Shakespeare was as us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch
from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the free-
men,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering—not thro' his
prow;
Songs may inspire us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his
quiescence.

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade as-
pire:
Blot out his name, then—record one lost soul
more.

One task more declined, one more footpath
untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for
angels.

One wrong more to man, one more insult to
God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back
to us!

There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of
twilight.

Never glad confident morning again!
Best light on well, for we't ught him—strike
gallantly.

Mence our heart over we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and
wait us
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

....At the Kindergarten.—"Now, children, what is the name of the meal you eat in the morning?" "Oat meal," replies a precocious member of the class.

CHAUTAUQU.

A banquet in honor of Dr. Vincent, the superintendent of instruction, was held at the Quincy House, Boston, Saturday, Feb. 23, by the graduates of the C. L. S. C. members of the "Hall in the Grove," which was a very enjoyable affair. About one hundred and fifty members, the majority from out of town, quite a number from other States, were present. It was the first occasion of its kind which has occurred in this vicinity, and though this movement has its members all over the world, it is possible that there are many who do not know that the letters C. L. S. C. stand for Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, comprising a course of reading in science and literature for which there had long been felt a need. Four years' reading completes a course, and members graduate, but there are special courses provided for which seals are attached to the diplomas, so that every year one so disposed can occupy their leisure moments in gaining useful information in company with the classes.

There are at present six classes, all represented at the banquet. Rev. O. S. Baketel presided at the meeting, Prof. W. F. Sherwin acting as toast-master. Any one who is acquainted with the Professor would know that whatever he did would be performed in the most felicitous manner. He said the babies in all households claimed first attention, so he began with the youngest class first, and called the class of '87. The response was given by Rev. Geo. Benedict, of Hanson. This speech, like the others, was short and to the point. The class of '86 was under about six feet of snow. Prof. Sherwin said. Rev. B. J. Snow, of Biddeford, Me., responded. The class of '85 was represented by Rev. C. F. Allerton, of Hopkinton. Class of '84 response was given by Rev. W. N. Richardson, of East Sauge; class of '83 by Rev. Anderson Dight, of Holliston; class of '82 by Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, of Plainfield, N. J. He proposed that as the day was Dr. Vincent's birthday, it should be added to the Chautauqua Memorial days, and be known as Founder's Day. Hereafter it will be known and kept as such.

Dr. Vincent was then called upon, and the classes gave him a Chautauqua salute, to which he responded with one of his earnest, inspiring speeches. Music was interspersed with the speaking, the Warren Avenue quartette and Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Barlen, with Mr. Pike, as musicians. These two ladies are familiar to all N. E. Chautauquans, as is Prof. Sherwin said there had been a short dialogue prepared for the occasion, and called upon Rev. Wm. Full, of South Framingham, to commence it, which he did by presenting Dr. Vincent with a case of books containing complete sets of Hawthorne's and Holmes' works. Mr. Full, in a few happy remarks, said that the members wished the Doctor to accept the little gift as a token of their love for him. It was a surprise to Dr. Vincent. When he sat down to the table he was unaware that they knew it was his birthday. He accepted the gift in a few grateful words, after which they all united in a final prayer and separated for their several homes.

Obituaries.

Died, in West Duxbury, Mass., Nov. 28, 1883, in her 26th year, MARY EMMA KEENE, daughter of Nathan E. and Mary Keene. She with her parents was converted in 1869 under the labors of Rev. E. D. Hall; and by the succeeding pastor, Rev. G. W. Wooding, they were all taken into full connection. The deceased had suffered much the two years preceding her death from the fatal malady, consumption. During the last few weeks of her life she obtained relief from pain, ever severe, only for short intervals. Ambitious beyond her strength, she had kept at her favorite occupation—school teaching—when the authorities and her friends had urged her to desist. Compelled to do so finally, a New Hampshire visit failed to restore her health. Through all her suffering her religious character was marked by the firmness and faith inherent in her parents and early sister. Having dedicated herself to God in her early youth, she trusted the care of her soul to the Methodist Church, and there she remained.

Possessing an energetic and vivacious spirit, she was active and exerted an influence in the work of the church while her strength permitted. Her name is found in the records of the society in connection with the church benevolence, though in its music she was chiefly interested. In this her love she felt she possessed by nature a constitution which gave place to disease only as it was forced; she held life tenaciously; fear and despondency had no place in her disposition; but as it became apparent to her there was little hope for recovery, she expressed herself as submissive, and would say, "I am willing to die if God thinks it best;" "In some way He has water purposes than I know." In conversation with her pastor she said her heavenly vision was clear, and she felt prepared to die.

She had been gradually failing for some days before her death, and Wednesday she was in great distress. Friends had called, and her brothers had been sent for in a distant town. A few minutes before seven o'clock a smile began to play about her face. Nature seems its usual look, when she exclaimed, "Jesus has come! Jesus has come!" and her freed soul had gone to occupy the mansion which He had prepared for her.

To the bereaved family the loss is severe. Bound together with an affection which scarce would permit one to leave the house at all, she, the first, leaves the parents, a sister and two brothers to mourn her. The community and her pupils deeply feel their loss. It had been her request that the burial services be the simplest and at home. The gathering of friends and neighbors filling the house rendered the service very impressive. This tribute of respect is paid by one who was her schoolmate in the house in which in after years she taught.

W. W. HALL.

meeting, he gave his heart unreservedly to God, and he intelligently was done so, fully and heartily, for more than sixty years he was unwaveringly steadfast in his faith in God and in his devotion to the church.

When Father Bates came to Great Falls in 1827, and began his business career, he found a few Methodists who were holding prayer-meetings in the corporation tenements. They were visited occasionally by an itinerant preacher, who broke to them the bread of life which they gratefully received. As their numbers increased they decided to form a church organization. A meeting was called, and twenty persons, of whom Father Bates was one, met and organized the High Street Methodist society of Great Falls. Of this number but one is now living. These men were few in number, but they were good men, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and the Lord was with them and gave them great success in the salvation of many souls.

During all these years, from the organization of the church until the end of life, the interest of our brother never slackened for an hour. As long as health permitted it, he was a regular and deeply-interested attendant on all the religious services of the church. He never allowed his business to interfere with his religious duties. When he began business, and for years afterwards, it was the custom to keep the stores open every evening during the week. But invariably, when Thursday evening came, unless he had a clerk, he shut his store and went to his meeting, of which for many years he was the honored leader. And when business reverses came, and like thousands of others during the dark days of 1837 he lost heavily, and retrenchment and rigid economy became necessary, he did not begin, where so many do, to cut down his church subscriptions, but continuing these as before, he lessened his expenses in other directions. The church and his obligations to it were first in his estimation. And so he was true to the church, and to the Methodist Church, when it cost something to be a Methodist.

The last time I saw him alive he was sitting beneath the shade of a tree in front of his son's residence. His face was turned to the west as if he were watching the setting sun. His eyes had that "far-away look," as if, though here in body, in spirit he was beyond the clouds. I approached him and spoke to him, and found that he had been thinking of the "home over there" and the loved ones gone before.

In 1828 he was united in marriage with Miss E. Bates, whom he married over fifty years. Together they walked in harmony and love, bearing each other's burdens, sharing each other's joys, making what is the most beautiful place on earth, a Christian home. Brother Bates was buried from the church, of which he was so long a faithful member, which was filled with the friends and business associates of his lifetime. He leaves three children—John W. Bates, Mrs. H. B. Legro (both residing in Great Falls), and Mrs. John C. Rand, of Boston.

Sister MARY SNOW died in Greene, Me., Feb. 5, 1884, aged 78 years and 3 months. She had been a good member of the M. E. Church about sixty years. She was a sister of Rev. James Smith, of Fayette, Me. In early life she was active in the church and community, but living remote from the place of worship, she seldom met in later years.

Her death was sudden. She spoke of feeling ill, and in a moment passed away. "She was not for God took her." She leaves a son and daughter, with many other friends, to mourn their loss.

N. C. CLIFFORD.

Mrs. SARAH JANE HORTON departed this life, in full assurance of Christian faith, Jan. 3, 1884, aged 50 years.

Sister Horton, whose maiden name was Ward, was born in Maine, April 3, 1833. She was converted at the age of eighteen, and united with the Free Will Baptist Church in Monroe of her native State. Her husband's name was Lemuel C. Horton, who died several years since. They had several children, two of whom survive their parents. Nine years last November, on her removal to Greenville, Mass., she joined the M. E. Church by letter, and until the day of her death maintained a consistent connection.

Sister Horton, though called upon to pass through severe trials in the loss of some of her dear ones, and sickness in her family and own person, ever exhibited a perfect trust in the blessed Saviour. A short time before her death it was her privilege to converse freely with her on her spiritual condition, during which she showed unwavering trust in the Lord's promises, and earnestly desired the salvation of her children. Our loss is her eternal gain.

W. C. TOWNSEND.

JOSEPH E. CHANE was born in Royalston, Mass., Sept. 2, 1829, and died at East Templeton, Mass., May 7, 1883, aged 53 years, 8 months, 5 days.

Brother Chane was received into the church Sept. 6, 1863, from probation. Early in his Christian life he was called to testify to his faith by the church. He held for many years the office of trustee and steward, and for a period of eighteen years the office of treasurer of both trustees and stewards. This period embraced the darkest hours in the history of the church. Extensive repairs upon the church building, the erection of a parsonage, and a great business depression, placed heavy burdens upon him.

For the nine years prior to his death he suffered from slow consumption, but bore bravely under the disease and only succumbed to its power a few weeks before his death. His sick-room was a place long to be remembered. Much exhausted from the ravages of the disease, and only able to speak with the greatest difficulty, the moment the name of Jesus was spoken, or an allusion made to the future life, new life seemed infused into him. The dull eye quickened and flashed—between the parched lips the ringing, triumphant testimony was forced, the attenuated frame shook with emotion, and it seemed at times as if the soul would fairly burst the frail tenement it occupied, and soar away. His life was consistent and faithful; his death most triumphant.

Brother Chane was twice married, and leaves, to mourn their loss, a wife and daughter.

E. H.

Mrs. HANNAH DAVIS, wife of Andrew W. Davis, of Harmony, Me., died, Jan. 1, 1884, aged 71 years.

Hannah Small was born in New Sharon, Me., Nov. 8, 1812, and was converted at fourteen years of age. She was married to Andrew W. Davis in 1834. They moved to Industry, Me., where, in 1835, they were baptized and united with the M. E. Church. In 1840 they moved to Harmony, Me., making letters, and where they resided at the time of her death. She was truly a noble woman, possessing rare good sense, and industrious and capable. As a wife she was true, loving and helpful. Her marriage was blessed with seven children, all of whom except one are now living, and all useful and honored members of society. Hers was a happy life—happy in her marriage relations with a faithful, loving husband; happy in her motherhood, keeping the confidence and affection of her children to the end of her life; happy in church relationship, having a home in the church of her choice and being one of its most useful and devoted members for more than forty-eight years.

She loved the work and worship of God, and was always at church at the appointed time unless unavoidably detained. She delighted in the social meetings of the church, especially in the class-meetings, which she seldom failed to attend, where her rich experience, humbly expressed, was a comfort and help to many. Hers was an unselfish life; she often sacrificed for the good of others. Her pastor's table bore frequent testimony to her thoughtful care, and the servants of God found a hearty welcome and rich feast for body and soul at her home and fireside.

During her last sickness she was graciously sustained by her Saviour, who was present with her. When asked by her pastor if she found religion as good to die by, as she had expected it would be in health, if it was all it had been recommended to be, she replied with a shining countenance, "Oh, it is better! What could I do without this blessed religion? Jesus is so precious. I have been in His loving arms to-day. I love Him with all my heart, and I know He loves me and is with me." She was very anxious for the conversion of the unconverted members of her family, and earnestly exhorted them to prepare to meet her in heaven. God help them to do so! To her sorrowing companion she said, "We shall not be parted long; we shall soon meet again. I shall be waiting and watching for you." So, calmly making all arrangements for her funeral, she bade them a tender good-bye, and gently fell asleep in Jesus, to awake in His likeness. Brother Davis and I, who were with her, have the hearty sympathy of all in their affliction.

NATHAN R. TURNER.

CHARLES WORTH was born at Edgartown, Mass., June 3, 1810, and died of apoplexy at Cottage City, Mass., Jan. 14, 1884, in the 74th year of his age.

Bro. Worth was converted at the age of sixteen, and at once joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Edgartown, at a time when it cost something, in social standing at least, to unite with any other than the "Orthodox" Church, of which his father was a deacon. He soon revealed, after his conversion, those rare gifts of head and heart for which he was so widely and favorably known up to the very day of his death. He was at a very early age called upon to be an office-bearer in the church, and for a full half-century he acceptably filled some one or more of these positions of honor and responsibility. He has been an exhorter, class-leader, steward, trustee, Sunday-school superintendent, and church treasurer in the different churches with which he has been connected.

In August, 1849, in company with many of his townsmen, he sailed from Edgartown for California, to engage in mining. His exemplary Christian life and rare gifts led the company to select him as their chaplain on the voyage out. He returned to Martha's Vineyard in 1853, and in 1859 he again visited California, remaining until 1861. During his residence in the mining regions, where, at that time, law, order, and morality were so often ignored, Bro. Worth gained the love and respect of all for his exemplary Christian life. In the absence of a regular minister he was frequently called upon to conduct religious services and to read sermons. For some time he was superintendent of a Sunday-school in Stockton, Cal., belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In the unpleasant relations which then existed between the Northern and Southern branches of the church, Bro. Worth manifested great tact and a charitable spirit.

His business called him into various parts of New England, and he never failed to identify himself with the local churches. His reputation for sterling integrity in his business transactions was a most enviable one. A striking illustration of this occurred shortly before his death. A wealthy Methodist residing upon Long Island, who was about to make an addition to his summer villa at the Vineyard, sent the following significant instructions to his agent: "If you can get Charles Worth to do the work, let him charge whatever he thinks right, but if any one else does it, have a written contract." This is but one of many evidences of the confidence which every one placed in him, and which he never abused.

He was naturally of a sunny disposition, and although buffeted financially, and being frequently of late years called upon to pass through the valley of affliction, he retained his genial, happy manner to the close of life. For years he has been deprived of hearing, and consequently could not enjoy the means of grace, which he so dearly loved, but he never lost his interest in the church of his choice. He would frequently, of late years, attend the preaching service with his family, in order to hear his pastor with his presence, although he could not hear a word uttered.

Faithful, prudent, amiable, and the joys to sympathize with all the trials and the aches of the ministry. Rev. Dr. A. Whelan, a former pastor, when told of his fatal illness, expressed the sentiments of all his pastors, in the character of his life, that he was a blessing to the church. Charles Worth, at least, will never need a purgatory to prepare him for heaven.

Bro. Worth's first wife was the daughter of Rev. Asa Kent, a prominent member of the New England Southern Conference. A widow and four children mourn their loss. One son is a missionary of the American Board in the Caroline Islands, and another, Rev. Wm. T. Worth, is pastor of the Mathewson Street M. E. Church in Providence, R. I. The funeral services took place in the Trinity M. E. Church, Jan. 17. The remains were taken to Edgartown for burial. The church has lost a devoted member, and the community a noble man. Truly, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

FRANK P. PARKIN.

Cottage City, Mass.

BETSEY HERSEY, daughter of Sylvester and Hannah Dunbar, was born in Croydon, N. H., July 29, 1804, and died in Grantham, N. H., Oct. 14, 1883.

She was a sister of Rev. Ois Dunbar, formerly a preacher in New Hampshire, who died in Corning, Iowa, July 1883, respected by all who knew him. When about seventeen years of age she was converted under the labors of her cousin, Rev. Henschel Foster, who was then on the circuit, having several towns under his care. She was the first in the family to profess religion, but afterwards most of her brothers and sisters—eleven of them in all—followed her example. When nineteen years old she married Joseph Newell, an intelligent, pious young man, and then was anticipating much earthly happiness. But in a few months she lost her excellent mother, then forty-six years of age, by death, who said at parting, "Be always faithful and you will be always safe." A few short years and her husband's health gave way; his mind also became affected, and her dearest earthly hopes seemed blasted. For more than half of the time after the age of twenty-seven, he was unable to provide for his family, without much of her energetic, persevering assistance; but her trust was in God. She was the mother of five children—three sons and two daughters—whom she tried to bring up in the right way. Her second child, (a little boy) died when two and a half years old. Another son died at Washington, D. C., in February, 1863, about six months after he enlisted in the service of his country. Her husband died in April, 1861.

She afterwards married Stephen Hersey, Jr., with whom she lived in peace and comfort for five years, when he, too, passed away, Nov. 28, 1867. After this she labored for herself and in the families of a son and daughter for whom she felt much interest. She often expressed a wish that she might not be long helpless, fearing that she would become a burden. Several times she was raised to health from severe sickness, but for a few months before her death the infirmities of age pressed more heavily upon her. In her last illness she was a great sufferer, but her trust was in the God of her youth. His rod was a support as she passed through the valley, and she now sleeps in Jesus. Though mortal and liable to err, she was conscientious and upright, a true mother in Israel. Her friends mourn not as those who are without hope; their loss is her gain. "She hath done what she could."

She was some over seventy-nine years of age. Her eldest daughter has resided in Illinois and Iowa for more than twenty-six years. One sister, three children, ten grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren survive her.

Rev. CHARLES ANDREWS was born in Berwick, Maine, Oct. 23, 1811, and was the eighth of a family of twelve children. He says, "My mother's godly counsel was the first thing I remember to have made a lasting impression on my mind, and I should have been a Christian in childhood, but the impression converted, I felt that it would be my duty to preach the Gospel. I tried to suppress the feeling, but it ripened into a conviction." After this he availed himself of all means within his power to acquire an education and prepare for the work to which he felt the Lord had called him. In the fall of 1832 he went to Kent's Hill Seminary, and remained there five years. In 1838, he attended the Maine Conference, and was appointed to Argyle. The next year he was sent to the Maine Conference, where over one hundred souls were converted. At the close of this year he was married to Margaret Hitchings, in Robinson. He was ordained deacon in 1840 at the Conference at Kent's Hill, and was ordained elder in Bath, in 1842, by Bishop Hedding. He sustained an effective relation to the Conference for forty consecutive years, never being laid aside by sickness, though much of the time in feeble health. His courage never failed, and his desire to labor for the cause of God seemed to lift him above his infirmities of body. During the forty years he filled twenty-five different appointments, on all of which he saw good results from his labors, and on many of them a large number of souls converted. Through the long, weary months of his last sickness he was remarkably patient and submissive, always saying, "The will of the Lord be done."

The W. C. T. Union of Old Orchard passed the following resolutions:—
WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove our dear brother, Rev. Charles Andrews, by death, from the loving circle, from this temperance organization of which he was an honorary member, and from the church to which his latest year of love and interest was given, therefore,
Resolved, 1. That we, bowing tearfully, yet submissively, under the hand that thus has bereaved us of his kindly companionship, will cherish the example of his unwavering fidelity to right principles, his loyalty to God and the church, his uncomplaining acceptance of suffering, his heroic fortitude in prospect of separation from the dear ones he so tenderly loved, and the calm and holy triumph of his dying hours, inspired by the sublimity of a grand and useful life.

2. That as a temperance organization, we extend to the family of our departed brother our deepest sympathy and earnest prayers in these days of their sorrow and loneliness, realizing that "our loss is his infinite gain."
M. A. HARLEY,
M. J. WARDWELL.

NEURALGIA.
A lady in Virginia, after using the Treatment for two weeks, writes:
"I am a great deal stronger than when I commenced its use. The one thing I must tell you I stopped the neuralgia. I took cold and feared that I would have it for two or three weeks, as I generally do the pain for that long before I would take chloral, the only thing that ever stopped it before, and I disliked to take it so much that I went out of it until I thought I could not live for the agony. But this time it only lasted two days. When I began the Compound Oxygen I could scarcely sit up an hour; now I can sit up most of the time."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DR. S. T. BIRMINGHAM, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

Dr. S. T. BIRMINGHAM,
Native Botanic Physician,
(Formerly of Cambridge, St.)

Such a practical and well-known physician as Dr. Birmingham, who for 30 years past has successfully treated thousands of cases of sickness, needs but little or no advertising to enlarge his business. But for the sake of those suffering from the same, and other doctors have tried, without success, to cure them, we take this method to advise them to consult the honest and capable old native Indian Physician, Dr. Birmingham. He will tell you plainly the cause of your sickness, and will cure you with nature's medicines. He may be found at his office, No. 14 Chatham St., Boston. Office days, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Examinations gratis. 323

THE combination of the Oils and Alkali (Soda) must be complete to form a perfect or true soap, such as will not burn the fibre, or redden and irritate the skin. The Ivory Soap is 99 1/2 % pure, which insures its being perfectly harmless, and will leave the skin clear, white and velvety.

DR. HOOKER'S CROUP COUGHS
The Only Reliable Remedy for CROUP, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT.
It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and will cure you. No opium in it. Mothers, you can comfort your children. Have it on hand and save the child. Sold by Druggists.

Sunday School Libraries.
This is a good time to re- and it up your Library. Especially where you need for winter you should get ready for Spring.
Send us your Catalogues of books on hand, and we will send you the quantity needed to select from. Balance to be returned at our expense, or we will send Catalogues to select from and order, with privilege of returning any not satisfactory. We have a large assortment of newest books, from our own concern, and from other reliable houses. Prices very low. Books of the best quality. No refuse stock on hand.

Vegetine.

Superior to any Family Medicine.

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.
ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE
Alterative, Tonic, Solvent, and Diuretic.

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully-selected fruits, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of Scrofula, Hereditary Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilis, and all other diseases. It is a powerful solvent, and cures all diseases that arise from impure blood, Scatica, Indigestion, and Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Spinal Complaints, can only be effectually cured through the blood. For Uterine, Prolapsus of the Uterus, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scalded head and Ringworm, VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and General Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, always inflammations, cures ulcerations and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Constipation, Flatulence of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness, and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system. The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe, and use in their own families.

In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE.

Lifted Up

A happy surprise it was to Mr. A. R. Norton, of Bristol, Conn., when ATHLORPHOS put him on his feet, and sent him cheerfully about his business. Let him tell his own story:

"About three weeks ago I was taken with a severe cold in the back. For four days I was unable to turn in bed without help, and when lifted up could not stand on my feet. I was induced to try ATHLORPHOS, after all the remedies failed. In 30 minutes after taking the first dose I could get up without my feet. In two days I was able to get about and attend to business. In two other cases which have come to my knowledge its use has been attended with the same results."

A poor man in Philadelphia had to borrow a dollar to buy a bottle of ATHLORPHOS, on account of his poverty his name shall remain a secret. He had suffered terribly from Rheumatism.

"I took my first dose on Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday, after but seven doses, I had no sharp or severe ache. Then I reduced the dose one-half, and continued the remainder of the bottle. I was able to be steady at work till Saturday, when I took a severe cold and was unable to use my left hand. I purchased another bottle and by bed-time I found relief. The medicine is all you claim for it."

Investigate ATHLORPHOS for yourself please! Find all the fault you choose with it! and yet the fact remains, that it is doing what no other medicine ever could do for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

ATHLORPHOS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Fistula
AND
PILES
Cured without the use of the knife. WILLIAM W. BIRD, (M. D., Harvard, 1869) and R. B. EVANS, (M. D., Harvard, 1875) have cured thousands of cases of FISTULA AND PILES, without the use of the knife. References given. Hours, 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. (except Sundays).

DR. S. T. BIRMINGHAM,
Native Botanic Physician,
(Formerly of Cambridge, St.)

Such a practical and well-known physician as Dr. Birmingham, who for 30 years past has successfully treated thousands of cases of sickness, needs but little or no advertising to enlarge his business. But for the sake of those suffering from the same, and other doctors have tried, without success, to cure them, we take this method to advise them to consult the honest and capable old native Indian Physician, Dr. Birmingham. He will tell you plainly the cause of your sickness, and will cure you with nature's medicines. He may be found at his office, No. 14 Chatham St., Boston. Office days, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Examinations gratis. 323

PILES
"Anakies" gives instant relief, and is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and will cure you. No opium in it. Mothers, you can comfort your children. Have it on hand and save the child. Sold by Druggists.

DR. HOOKER'S CROUP COUGHS
The Only Reliable Remedy for CROUP, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT.
It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and will cure you. No opium in it. Mothers, you can comfort your children. Have it on hand and save the child. Sold by Druggists.

The Great LIGHT.
FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Safest, Cheapest and the Best Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room, circular and cut of the trade.

Free of charge. A full size cake of Ivory Soap will be sent to any one who can not get it of their grocer. If it is desired, it is sent to Front Street, 1884, Cincinnati. Please mention this paper.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep? This Castoria! When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms. But Castoria! What quills cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion. But Castoria! Farewell, then to Morphine Syrup, Castor Oil and Purgative, and Hall's Castoria!

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

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A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight Colds and Coughs frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of the chest. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—
"Medical science has produced no other remedy so effective as good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—
"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation so great as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more efficacious than anything else in relieving even the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is today saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numerous instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic Bronchitis, Laryngitis, and even acute Pneumonia, and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of Pulmonary Consumption. It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of Croup and Whooping Cough.

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists.

273 eow

PENSIONS for any disability: also for Widows and Orphans. Send name and address to H. W. LAW, 101-111 BINGHAM, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS wanted for The History of Christianity, by Dr. Abbott. A grand chance. A \$1 book at the popular price of \$1.75. Liberal terms. The relations parties mention it as one of the few great best-sellers of the year. Great success never known by agents. Terms free. STIMSON & CO., Publishers, Portland, Maine.

Perfect Bed. No. 10. No. 11. No. 12. No. 13. No. 14. No. 15. No. 16. No. 17. No. 18. No. 19. No. 20. No. 21. No. 22. No. 23. No. 24. No. 25. No. 26. No. 27. No. 28. No. 29. No. 30. No. 31. No. 32. No. 33. No. 34. No. 35. No. 36. No. 37. No. 38. No. 39. No. 40. No. 41. No. 42. No. 43. No. 44. No. 45. No. 4

The Week.

DAY'S RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.
Tuesday, February 26.

Confirmation of the report that El Mahdi is marching toward Khartoum. The British troops under Gen. Graham remain encamped between Trinkitat and Cape Madka.

Occurrence of a violent explosion in a cloak room at the Victoria railway station in London. Seven men injured and a large portion of the roof blown off. Dynamic supposed to be the cause of the disaster.

Sir Henry Brand, just retired from the speakership of the British House of Commons, has been elevated to the peerage, with the title of Lord Hampden.

Haiphong, Tonquin, advises report the arrival of French reinforcements.

Congress.—A joint resolution was introduced in the Senate yesterday and referred to the appropriations committee, appropriating \$100,000 for the relief of persons made destitute by the recent cyclone in the Southern States. The McPherson currency bill, as modified by the Morrill amendment, was passed. Numerous bills and resolutions were introduced in the House, and the pleuro-pneumonia bill was discussed at length in committee of the whole.

Wednesday, February 27.

Report by the commission appointed by the government to examine the swine industry of the country, that no general disease exists among the animals.

Occurrence of a \$130,000 fire in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sale of the A. T. Stewart building, corner of Broadway and Chambers St., New York, to ex-Judge Hilton for \$2,100,000.

Advance of one thousand British troops four miles from Trinkitat, and occupation of Baker Pacha's fortifications.

Election of Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel as speaker of the British House of Commons.

Congress.—The House bill for the relief of Fitz-John Porter was reported favorably to the Senate yesterday, and made the special order for March 12. A vote of thanks was passed to Great Britain for the gift of the Arctic steamer "Alert," to be used in the expedition for the relief of Lieutenant Greely. The bill for the construction of additional steel cruisers for the navy was taken up and discussed. The session of the House was principally occupied in considering the pleuro-pneumonia bill.

Thursday, February 28.

Conclusion of the investigation into the Cophia County, Miss., election outrages, in progress at New Orleans the past fortnight.

Holding of a conference of prison officials in New York.

Death of ex-Gov. Hubbard, of Connecticut, at Hartford.

Announcement of the betrothal of the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse with the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia.

Death of the United States minister to Russia, Mr. W. H. Hunt, at St. Petersburg.

Congress.—The Senate yesterday passed the House bill repealing the test-act, amended so that no person who held a commission in the United States army or navy before the war, and was subsequently engaged in the military, naval or civil service of the Confederate States, shall be appointed to any position in the army or navy of the United States.

The consideration of the pleuro-pneumonia bill was finished in committee of the whole of the House.

Friday, February 29.

Serious interference with the working of the fire alarm, telegraph, and telephone wires in this city on account of the severe storm, yesterday. In the evening the electric light service was discontinued.

Sentence of a negro in Ohio to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$100 for marrying a white woman.

A father and his three children burned to death in a New York tenement house.

For lack of funds, work in the construction departments of the navy yards of the country will be suspended.

Inundation of nearly all the river plantations, both above and below New Orleans for a distance of one hundred miles.

Discovery of more explosives at the Charing Cross and Paddington railway stations in London.

Prevalence of a terrific gale throughout Ontario.

Congress.—A bill was introduced in the Senate yesterday to relieve the members of the original Fitz-John Porter court-martial of the obligation of secrecy as to the votes of such members. The bill to authorize the construction of steel vessels for the navy was considered at length. The House passed the pleuro-pneumonia bill, and after listening to eulogies from several members on the death of Hon. D. C. Haskell, late representative from the second Kansas district, adjourned out of respect to his memory.

Saturday, March 1.

Destruction, by fire, of the chemical works of Powers and Weightman in Philadelphia; property loss between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000.

Death of the widow of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry renown, in San Francisco.

Occupation by French gunboats, with one thousand men, of the extreme point of the rebels on the Song Koi river, ten miles below Bachinh.

Appointment by the Turkish government of Habi Pacha, a Turk, governor of Crete.

Congress.—In the Senate yesterday the joint resolution providing for an appropriation in aid of the sufferers of the great storm in the Southern States, was reported back adversely from the appropriations committee.

The bill authorizing the construction of steel cruisers for the navy was passed. The House, in committee of the whole, discussed at length the bill authorizing the retirement from the army of Alfred Pleasanton with the rank of major-general. It was so amended as to make his rank that of colonel, and reported favorably to the House, but final action was not reached. An evening session was held, at which twenty pension bills were passed.

Sunday, March 3.

Destruction, by fire, of several large business establishments, in Utica, N. Y.; property loss, \$800,000.

The decrease in the national debt during February was \$2,582,586.

Signing by the President of the bill making all public roads and highways post roads.

Desperate battle of four hours' duration between the British troops and El Mahdi's forces, under Osman Digna, at Tel-el-Friday, resulting in the defeat of the latter with a loss of 1,000 in killed. The English lost 24 killed and 142 wounded. Occupation of Tokar by the British, and flight of the rebels.

Unveiling of the bust of the poet Longfellow in Westminster Abbey on Saturday.

[Continued from page 4.]
Eight have recently joined the church on probation, and more are coming in.

Maplewood.—March 2, three were baptized, three received into full membership, and two on probation. The Sunday evening meetings for weeks past have been unusually full, and extra meetings are announced for the whole of the present week. The year seems to be closing with unusual prosperity and promise.

Maynard.—The celebration of the eightieth birthday of Mr. Amory Maynard, fourth founder of the town, was a recent notable event. An original poem by Miss Lettie S. Bigelow formed one of the most interesting features of the occasion.

West Fitchburg.—Two were reclaimed by letter, March 2. The pastorate is closing with all departments of the church in a flourishing condition. The membership has nearly doubled since the organization of this church two years ago.

Cherry Valley.—The M. E. society held their annual festival, Feb. 20 and 21. For years past they have had dramatic entertainments, thinking nothing would draw so large an audience; but this year the pastor and his wife proposed that something more intellectual and less open to criticism take their place, so Bro. W. W. Colburn, of Boston, a former and much-beloved pastor, was engaged to give a lecture on his "Trip to Cuba and Return," for one evening; and Mr. A. S. Ross, principal of the Worcester High School and a college classmate of the pastor, gave his lecture on a "Trip to the Rocky Mountains," taken last summer, for the other evening, and the pastor published an edition of *Good Tidings*, which was well received. After the lectures there was a turkey supper in the vestry, and a sale of useful and fancy articles—no lotteries, guess cakes, grab bags, etc. The Worcester Spy says: "The lectures were the best ever delivered in Cherry Valley," and the net proceeds were over \$200, the largest amount raised for years.

Wilbraham.—An item in last week's Herald closes with the statement that the senior class at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, "had a slide-right in the evening" of the day appointed for prayer for colleges. This is not true. It is not our habit to make holidays of holy days, nor to turn our religious seasons to times of recreation. The winter term is closing pleasantly. About two hundred and fifty have been in attendance. The religious interest has been good. The spring term will begin Wednesday, March 19. The prospect is excellent. Students desiring rooms should apply early, as the best are being rapidly spoken for.

First Church, Lynn.—Rev. A. B. Kendig preached the first of a series of Lenten meditations on Sabbath evening, Feb. 24, to a large audience. These meditations are based on the seven last words of Christ on the cross, and are to be preached on successive Sabbath evenings. The subjects are as follows: Self-forgetfulness, Responsive Compassion, Tender Thoughtfulness, Alone in Conflict, Suffering Need, the Completed Task, the Expiring Saviour.

Methodist and Christian Baptist churches at Ogunquit have been holding union meetings for three weeks past. About eighty souls have been converted. Young and old are interested. Bro. Record writes: "My soul says, Praise the Lord."

Rev. W. F. Marshall, of North Gosham, has been holding meetings for six weeks. Twenty-five have been converted and many reclaimed. The interest continues.

A son of Rev. H. Chase, of West Baldwin, met with a serious accident recently while coasting, by which his leg was broken.

Judge Joel Eastman is seriously ill at his home in Conway, N. H., and but little hope is entertained of his recovery. He will be sadly missed by our society at Conway Centre.

Rev. M. C. Pendexter baptized one and received eight to full membership at Cape Elizabeth Depot, Feb. 24. C.

Rev. W. H. Foster, pastor of the M. E. Church at Phillips, was married to Mrs. Ann Basford, of Livermore Falls, Feb. 26.

The Methodist society at Strong has just been the recipient of a thousand-pound bell from Mr. Washington Libby, of Chicago.

The temperance interest in Gardner has culminated in nominating a strong temperance candidate for mayor in the Republican caucus last Friday evening, over the present incumbent, S. E. Johnson, the temperance candidate, is one of the active and influential members of the Methodist Church. Rumor must go.

Rev. Dr. McKeown, of Portland, delivered his admirable lecture on "Orators and Oratory" for the Methodist Church in Augusta last Thursday evening. The brethren of this church have rented Eureka Hall on the east side of the river for public services. The pastor, Rev. C. W. Bradlee, preached last Sabbath afternoon to a crowded house. This opens a very hopeful field for Methodism. At the evening service in Augusta last Sabbath evening several were forward for prayers.

The Methodist Church at Bridgton at their last quarterly meeting made an earnest request for the Maine Conference to hold its session in 1885 in their thriving and beautiful village.

FOREIGNERS is composed of roots, bark and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. Messrs. M. F. Connelly and E. D. Kingsley, for so many years with Lovejoy & Co., have, since Mr. Lovejoy's retirement from business, connected themselves with the house of John H. Pray, Sons & Co. in their retail department.

See advertisement of the Magnetic Appliance Company in another column. Call or send for descriptive circulars.

FASHION IN CARPETS AND RUGS.—As one looks upon the marvelous work of the loom and the beautiful fabrics which textile art and skill produce therefrom, it is at once evident that fashion has much to do therewith, and in this direction, as in thousands of others, her belated has been carried out. Fashion shows her caprice in nearly all that is done, and in the direction of carpets, as an illustration. It is very evident that the designer has been hard at work to meet the requirements imposed upon him, as many of the novelties of the present season show such accurate perfection in coloring and harmonious blendings of colors as to show at a glance the highest development of skill.

The vast warehouses of John H. Pray, Sons & Co. show this most completely in the immense assortment and variety of carpets and rugs which they have secured from all parts of the world. The Wiltons in all their regal richness, the Persian in its antique beauty, the Woodstock squares in choice Morris patterns, rugs from Daghestan, Bokhara and other places of note, these, with others that space alone forbids a mention of, suggest in an imperfect manner some of the styles and beauty to be obtained in the almost endless palette in carpets, rugs, etc., which this house place before their patrons for service in the home.

A real pleasure can be experienced in looking over and selecting from the immense stock this firm have in store, and no matter what the need, or length of purse, the individual taste can be met and cared for to the perfect satisfaction of the person interested.

REOPENING.—The repairs and refurbishing of the auditorium of the Sacred Street Church, in Norwich, Conn., having been completed, the house will be reopened for the worship of Almighty God on Sunday, March 10, at 9 a. m., Love-fest, conducted by Rev. J. H. James, of Danielsonville; 10:30 a. m., preaching by D. H. Kim, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.; 7:30 p. m., preaching by Rev. Edgar P. Clark, of Newport, R. I. Former pastors and members are invited to be present.

GEORGE C. KING, Pastor, Norwich, Conn.

BOSTON EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—The regular meeting will be held on Monday, March 10, at 10 a. m., in the Bromfield St. M. E. Church, and will be addressed by Wm. F. Warren, D. D., Subject, "The Location of the Garden of Eden at the North Pole."

WM. ISRAHAM HAYES, Sec.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—Will the brethren please notify me at once whether their wives will, or will not, accompany them to the annual Conference, to be held at Camden, April 15? B. C. WENTWORTH.

DEDICATION.—The M. E. Church at Dresden, Me., will be dedicated March 15. Sermon by Rev. C. A. Pinner, at 7 p. m. F. D. HANDY.

NOTICE.—Will the auxiliaries of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society please remit their funds for the "Zuzuana Paper" to Mrs. Davis, 14 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass., as soon as collected, and collect as soon as possible? Mrs. M. P. ALDERMAN, Cor. Sec.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

In a carefully prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science, as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine like nothing else can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people in New England who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach.

Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Gentlemen—Please send me by express two bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and a few Cook books for distribution. Your preparation has worked wonders in the case of my wife, who has been troubled with skin headache and biliousness for years. She only took one-half bottle, and is now as well as not, and will for years to come. She found that with a week after taking the first bottle, she was in a new and more comfortable state of mind, and she has not since had a headache or any other ailment. Yours truly, HOMER B. NASH, Pittsfield, Mass. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

OUR EASTER CARD PACKETS

For 1884 are unusually attractive, and we trust all will avail themselves of our offer:

No. 1.—For 50 CENTS and 4 CTS. for POSTAGE. 12 MARION WAID'S PRANG'S HIL. FALMER'S PALMER'S, and other fine Easter Cards, together with a handsome "Folding Mosaic Card" with verses by Miss HAYWARD.

No. 2.—For 50 CENTS and 4 CTS. for POSTAGE. 10 large and fine Cards from the above publishers, and one large and fine Card from the "Folding Mosaic Card" with verses by Miss HAYWARD.

STAMPS or POSTAL NOTES RECEIVED. TO TEACHERS ONLY. 50 MARY WARD'S PRANG'S HIL. FALMER'S PALMER'S, and other fine Easter Cards, no two alike, for \$1. and 8 cents postage. Better assortment \$2. and 10 cents postage. Very choice selection, no two alike, \$3. and 10 cents for postage and registering.

We refer by permission to Hon. E. S. TOBEY, Postmaster, Boston, and to the publishers of the YOUTH'S COMPANION.

H. H. CARTER, Wholesale Stationer, 3 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

TO AGENTS AND DEALERS, or ANY OTHERS, who desire to purchase the above packets of the above packets at one-third the retail price, will be sent free of charge. For full particulars of these packages will be sent free of charge. A large profit can be realized.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT CONNECTICUT General Life Insurance Co., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Receipts in Year 1883.

For Premiums, - - \$160,316.51
Interest, - - - 74,998.13
Profit and Loss, - - 20,581.57

Total Receipts, - \$255,896.21
Disbursements in Year 1883.

Paid Death Claims, - \$90,583.47
Endowments, - - 37,646.70
Policies Surrendered, 11,814.65
Dividends, - - - 20,414.63
All other disbursements, 50,816.40

Total Disbursements, \$211,275.85
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884, \$1,430,398.42
Liabilities, Connecticut and Massachusetts standard, - 1,126,791.50
Surplus to Policyholders, - - 303,606.92
Surplus to Policyholders, New York Standard, - - 382,811.92
T. W. RUSSELL, President.
F. V. HUDSON, Secy.

MENELY & COMPANY WEST TROY, N. Y. BELLS For Churches, Schools, etc.; also Chimes and Peals. For more than half a century noted for superior quality of all others.

Alden's Manifest

This will be recognized as the most important literary announcement I have ever made. All previous undertakings, successes, and failures have been preparation for this. THE MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA will be the most comprehensive single work of reference ever undertaken in the English language. It will include:

AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY, based upon the new "Imperial Dictionary," recently published in England. The "Imperial" is very much larger than either Webster's or Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary; and, being many years more recent in its compilation, its editors had, of course, the benefit of all that scholarship had gained by either Webster or Worcester. It will be thoroughly revised and enlarged (rather than abridged) by its former chief editor.

SIX OTHER LANGUAGES. It will also include a concise dictionary of the six other principal languages of the world—GREEK, LATIN, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, and SPANISH.

A CYCLOPEDIA. Its cyclopedia features will be based upon "Chambers's Encyclopedia," but will be very much more comprehensive, covering more thoroughly than any other work published all departments of human knowledge usually comprehended in a Cyclopedia or Library of Universal Knowledge.

OVER 5000 ILLUSTRATIONS. It will be fully illustrated, including more than 5000 woodcuts and reproductions of such numerous maps as will constitute a complete atlas of the world, ancient and modern, sacred and political.

ONE ALPHABET. The entire contents of THE MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA will be included in one alphabetical arrangement, thus giving the utmost facility of reference.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF. The former Editor-in-Chief of "The Library of Universal Knowledge," Rev. RICHARD GRAYSON, will have charge of the work, his principal Associate being JAMES HUNTER, formerly of Glasgow, Scotland, where for nearly ten years he was principal editor of the new "Imperial Dictionary," and more recently, in this country, Editor of the Supplement to Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary. The scholarship and skill of these trained cyclopedists will be supplemented by other experienced workers from the former editorial staff of "The Library of Universal Knowledge," and of Appleton's and Johnson's Cyclopedias, and by many others.

PRICE. THE MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA will be published in convenient, double-column octavo volumes, of about 800 pages each, at the price of \$1.50 per volume, cloth binding, and will probably be completed in twenty pages. There will also be a cheaper edition, probably \$1.00 for the set.

SPECIMEN PAGES, with more detailed prospectus, will be ready in a few days, and will be sent free upon application; also, large catalogue of standard books at lower prices than ever before known. Not sold by dealers—prices too low. Books sent for examination before payment, on evidence of good faith.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, P. O. Box 1227, 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

Easter Cards by Mail.

For the benefit of the Pedestal Fund of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty enlightening the World.

This colossal statue was given by the people of the French Republic to the people of the United States as a monument of ancient friendship, and as an expression of the sympathy of France in the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence. It is 150 feet in height, cost \$250,000 to which cost more than \$250,000 Frenchmen subscribed, and it is so far finished that it will be ready to be shipped to New York harbor, and about \$100,000 is still required.

The foregoing is from the Report of the Executive Committee to the General Committee of the Fund, of which the Hon. Wm. M. Evans is chairman.

With a view of aiding the object, another committee, under the supervision of the Hon. Rufus P. Andrews, has arranged for a new issue of art subjects, to be offered the public generally, who will thus be able to secure a magnificent standard engraving, and at the same time have the satisfaction of contributing to the Pedestal Fund.

The following subjects have been selected, viz: Washington Irving and his Friends.....\$28.36
Shakespeare and his Friends.....\$28.36
Faust's Muttering his Recruits.....\$28.36
Landing of the Pilgrims.....\$28.36
Departure of the Pilgrims.....\$28.36
Farmer's Saturday Night.....\$28.36
Preaching of John Knox before the Pilgrims.....\$28.36
The Pilgrims' Thanksgiving.....\$28.36

These engravings will be from the original plates and will be the first proofs, which will be forwarded by mail, and will be sent by express, if desired. The price for each set of five engravings, with postage, will be \$1.50. For full particulars of these packages will be sent free of charge. A large profit can be realized.

All orders, drafts, etc., must be directed and paid payable to the Secretary, WM. WIEPPELEY, Post Office Box 249, New York City.

ON THE THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

And miscellaneous volumes, also very rare pamphlets, prints, etc., of historical value to the M. E. Church, being the private collection of the late Rev. Samuel Kelley for nearly 40 years a clergyman of the M. E. Church. The Library is offered for sale as a whole or single volumes. Send for catalogue to Prof. S. R. Kelley, New England Conservatory, Franklin Square, Boston.

STRACHAUER'S Church Music.

For Quartet and Octet Choirs.

Mr. HERMANN STRACHAUER, whose pure and elevated taste, and decided talent as a composer will fit him for the task, has here given us, in an octavo book of 170 pages, 26 very beautiful quartets in the form of the higher church music. Half are his own, and half arrangements from the great masters. Choir leaders will find this a treasure. Price in Boards, \$1.00.

Ludden's Pronouncing Dictionary of MUSICAL TERMS (\$1.25) in all languages, is a handy and convenient book for all musicians.

READING FOR THE MUSICAL MILION is found in DILSON & CO.'s most interesting Books of Musical Literature, every year more popular, and worthy of purchase for Public Libraries, Academies, and Schools. Price, \$1.00. Sent by mail.

WAR SONGS, 50 cents. Everybody is singing them. Immensely popular book.

GUTHRIE AT HOME. (40). New large and fine collection of bright and popular music.

Lists furnished. Any book mailed for retail price.

CARPETS.

Joel Goldthwait & Co.

103, 105, 107 and 109 Washington St., BOSTON.

Are now ready to show the Largest and Best Assorted stock of Carpets for the Spring and Summer sales to be found in New England. Their store is the best lighted, has all the modern conveniences and All the Horse Cars from the Depot pass their Doors.

Their stock comprises the best

Amxsters, Tapestries, Moquets, Three-Plys, Wiltons, Extra Superfines, Brussels, Cotton and

Cotton and Wool Ingrains; Straw Mattings, all colors & qualities Lignums, Linoleums, Oil Cloths.

RUGS AND MATS.

Their Stock is very large and must be reduced; therefore prices will be made VERY LOW.

Joel Goldthwait & Co.

103, 105, 107 and 109 Washington St., BOSTON.

SATISFACTION

May be depended upon when your purchases of Carpets are made at the salesrooms of H. A. HARTLEY & CO., 95, 97, 99, 101 103 105 Washington St., Boston.

Because their Stock is always Unsurpassed Because they treat all visitors Courteously Because their Prices are as Low as the Lowest. Because they invariably have the Novelties

For the benefit of the Pedestal Fund of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty enlightening the World.

This colossal statue was given by the people of the French Republic to the people of the United States as a monument of ancient friendship, and as an expression of the sympathy of France in the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence. It is 150 feet in height, cost \$250,000 to which cost more than \$250,000 Frenchmen subscribed, and it is so far finished that it will be ready to be shipped to New York harbor, and about \$100,000 is still required.

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